

PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS,

PRECEDED BY

A PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL.

Translated from the German of J. C. A. MUSEUS,
By ANNE PLUMPTRE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE AUTHOR,
By his Pupil KOTZEBUE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ETHNOLOGICAL TRIVIALS

BY

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OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN

OF THE ANTIQUITIES

By Sir John Lubbock

IN THREE VOLUMES

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THIRD VOLUME.

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PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS.

CHAP. I.

My fifth setting out.

A Family sketch.

BURGHOLZHEIM, Burcholdsheim, Purgoldsheim. Which is properly the name? I neglected to procure information upon this subject when I was on the spot, and might have availed myself of my friend Sportler's etymological knowledge for gaining the desired satisfaction, although a particularly favourable opportunity for the discussion was presented as we trotted together to this ancient fortress of the gallant knights of Urlau. However, till my return home I remained in such happy ignorance with regard to any supposed

derivations of the name, that I entertained not the least doubt of its having a physiognomical origin. The country all around is woody, and the Baron's mansion appears like an old castle in the times of vassalage, from which I very naturally inferred, that it was called Burgholzheim, or the castle of Holzheim *.

But my etymological friend, Mr. Rector Brunold, has given me a very different explanation of the matter. The first owner, he says, probably the builder of the castle, bore the baptismal name of Brechtold, Berchtold, or Burchold, which three are in fact one and the same name, and it was therefore called after him Burcholdsheim. This I must confess appears a very natural solution, especially as the name of Brechtold, or Burchold, has been hereditary in the family, and is even borne by the present baron.

* *Burg* in German signifies a castle, *Holz* wood, and *Heim* home. Thence the reader will see the force of this derivation.—*Transl.*

Master F—— lastly, to shew his ingenuity, has been pleased to deduce it from yet another origin. According to his opinion the edifice must have been erected in the days of chivalry, when nothing was more common than for castles to be roofed at least, if not fronted with gold. This he thinks might possibly be the case with the castle in question, though after-ages, not paying due respect to the precious reliques of those illustrious times, have removed its splendid fronting to apply the metal to baser purposes, and left only a pile of massy stones; and thence he derives the name Purgoldsheim. On this subject I have consulted Busching's geographical dictionary, and the map of Franconia, but those researches not having produced any thing satisfactory, I am strongly inclined to adhere to my own physiognomical derivation. And that for two good reasons, first, because it is my own, which is the strongest recommendation that any hypothesis can have; and secondly, because it reflects the most ho-

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nour upon that science which of all others I wish to honour.

But from whatever origin the name may be derived, Burgholzheim in Franconia was now the destined theatre on which the right worshipful Mr. Justice Sportler, first magistrate of the neighbouring town of Geroldsheim, was to exercise his physiognomical talents. As well what my friend imparted to me by the way, as my own observations on entering the castle, led me to expect something extraordinary in its inhabitants.

The present owner devoted himself, as a youth, to the profession of arms, and in the former war had commanded a squadron of Franconian knights. This honourable post he resigned at the peace, and retired into the country to reside on his estate, though still retaining the title of colonel. His figure was the perfect resemblance of Count Ugolino's as sketched in the Fragments; equally withered and weather-beaten. In the alphabet of human nature, he might be considered as answerable to the thin long-shanked ff since he was as lean

lean and had as little calf to his legs as Aristotle. His wife I compared to the β *, but to this comparison my friend Sportler would by no means assent, because his colleague Bürger condemns the β as a silly unmeaning character, while he himself considers Madame von Urlau as any thing else rather than silly. I however suggested that the comparison had no relation to the qualities of the mind, but rested on a very different foundation, that of the external figure, and no one could deny that the fair lady in question was equally crooked and mis-shapen with the β itself.

Besides these two personages, the family consisted of a son lately returned from his travels, who had been for some time a student of the law at Vienna and Wetzlar. He was the only fruit of the holy marriage-bed, consequently the idol of his parents. To them his will was supreme law, although there could not be a greater contrast both as to exterior and interior, than between him and his father, since he was

* This is one of the German characters in very common use. It stands for sz.--*Transl.*

plump and sleek of figure, and possessed a tender and sentimental heart.

At his baptism he had been called, not by the family name of Burchold or Brechtold, but in direct contradiction to family custom, by that of Dorotheus, that is to say properly *a Deo datus*, a name which ought to have been immortalized, since it was borne by Louis *quatorze*. Yet it so happened unfortunately, that it failed of immortality, since the royal infant's prodigal mother had conferred upon him such a long procession of names that this which marched at the sag end of it, always remained in perfect incognito. With the young baron it was otherwise. No one could expect the heart of a baroness only, to be actuated by the same princely liberality with that of a queen, consequently in this instance it was a single solitary being, neither marching at the head or foot of any train. In both cases however it was conferred from similar motives.

Like the illustrious consort of France, Madam von Urlau had been married several years, yet no pledge of love had
blessed

blest her union. So far the cases of the ladies were perfectly parallel, in another respect they differed materially. With regard to the former, the curse of unfruitfulness, as was generally supposed, had been pronounced upon the monarch, not upon the fair partner of his crown; in the latter instance it was evident that the opprobrium must rest wholly and solely upon the lady, since the physiognomy of the Burgholzheim tenantry bore sufficient testimony to the falsehood of any aspersions that might be cast upon the gentleman.

At length, after many years of vain expectation, when the desponding wife had almost given over all hope of becoming a mother, her sorrow was changed into joy by the sweet conviction that her despondency had been premature. Often did she observe, during her pregnancy, that the child was the gift of heaven, granted to her prayers; till at length her pious ejaculations reached the ears of the minister of the place, who immediately suggested the propriety of immortalizing her gratitude to the Creator for the blessing, by

giving the infant some appropriate name. The idea was eagerly embraced by the lady, she thought heaven had again interposed to inspire it, and leaving the choice of the name entirely to the pious priest, he could think of none so appropriate as Dorotheus. By this therefore the child was baptised.

But in how commendable a light soever the piety of the matron and her clerical conscience-keeper might appear to the world, it proved the occasion of a fearful domestic contest. The father happened to be absent on a campaign at the birth of his son, consequently the affair of the baptism had been arranged without his being allowed so much as a vote in it, and at his return he entered his solemn protest against the whole procedure. He declared that he never could acknowledge as his heir a child with such a whining canting name. It was no recommendation of it to him, he said, that it had been borne by Louis *quatorze*, neither did the sly parson's attempting to varnish it over by substituting Greek instead of Latin, make any difference

difference in his opinion, since he considered *Dorotheus* as equally weak and womanish with *Adeodatus*. He therefore declared that it was his unalterable resolution not to enrol the child in the family pedigree till he had been rebaptised by some name better suited to the heir of the ancient knights of Urlau. But on this point he found his wife no less positive and obstinate than himself. She said that it was a matter of conscience with her to adhere to the name by which her son was first baptised, and whatever might be the consequence, she would never consent to his bearing any other. Thus the poor infant was in imminent danger of losing his patrimony and baronial rank for ever, had not some kind neighbour luckily suggested a compromise by calling him Theodore. It was a most fortunate idea, and arranged all things to the perfect satisfaction of both parties. The father was pleased, because this name was frequently to be found in the annals of chivalry, and had been borne by a knight-errant king of Corsica, and the mother equally so, because she was informed.

formed by the pious parson that it had the same essential signification as either of the rejected names.

Besides this history, Sportler amused me with several other private anecdotes of the family of Urlau. Among them was an extraordinary vow made by the baroness during her pregnancy, that in case heaven should grant her wish, and bless her with an heir, she would in gratitude procure for every knight in her husband's squadron a dispensation from his oath of chastity. For it must be observed, that though the commander of this body was not expected to take such an oath, yet it was required of all that served under him, as in the English universities the blessings of wedlock are allowed to the principals of each college, though denied to all the subaltern officers.

On the birth of the young Theodore, therefore, his godly mother, mindful of her vow, procured sixty-six dispensations, and forwarded them with all possible dispatch to the gallant warriors. But their obstinate colonel had so little regard to
the

the perpetuation of a succession of knights for his family's service, that he would not suffer the present to be accepted.

In the next place, the lady was formerly a great admirer of Kleift, and since he entirely reprobates the idea of a woman's riding on horseback as totally inconsistent with the delicacy of the female character, she had religiously abstained from that exercise. But on Prizelius's undertaking to teach ladies the art of riding across the horse, and asserting that they could never appear to greater advantage than in this attitude, she entirely altered her opinion. Kleift was instantly discarded, she mounted her courser, and now leaps ditches with the old colonel like a hussar. Nor does her courage pass unrewarded, for even at the moment when she commenced this practice, the wedded affection which had begun to cool between her and her husband, resuscitated, and has since burned with more than its original ardour.

After the lord of Burgholzheim had laid aside his helmet and cuirass, and turned his sword into a ploughshare, among other
 B. 6 things

things that attracted his attention in husbandry, was the breeding of horses. In these he became a very great dealer, and though his stable consisted solely of greys, he had acquired the art of transmuting them without difficulty into any colour wanted by a purchaser, whether dapple, roan, black, dun, or sorrel. By this lucrative trade, and the practice of a great degree of domestic œconomy, he had soon grown to be a rich man, if the young baron had but understood the value of money as well as himself. But the thoughtless Theodore often squandered more in one half hour at Vienna, or Wetzlar, than his father gained in months from the produce of a large part of his lands; and the price of many a horse which had cost the provident old gentleman years of anxiety in rearing, was frequently, by the turning up of a single card, transferred in a moment from the luckless bank of the infatuated youth, to that of his more fortunate associates.

This extravagance was to be compensated according to the golden rule, which
says

says that great expences may be repaired by little savings. The rural *dejeunées* at Vienna were squeezed out of the portion of cheese allotted for each servant's breakfast at home, and the Champagne which flowed about the room at Wetzlar was paid from the malt saved in the servants' beer at Burgholzheim. But among all these reductions the allowance for dog's meat alone remained undiminished, for indeed to cut off anything from that was scarcely possible.

It had been the practice for time immemorial within our knight's jurisdiction to feed the prisoners confined in the dungeons of the castle, and the dogs of all descriptions, whether retained for the sporting or guarding service, at the same mess. For this purpose a stated allowance was made, which had commonly afforded a tolerable provision both for dogs and men as to quantity, and if the prisoners had no reason to be eloquent in commendation of the quality of their food, they had at least no ground for complaint that they were starved. But some years before, when the harvest of thieves and vagabonds

was

was uncommonly abundant, the worthy baron grew so extremely impatient at the continual demand for an increase of this allowance, that he at length positively refused to extend the ratio any farther, and insisted that each new criminal should be billeted upon some of the old messes. Thus the poor dogs became the sufferers for every fresh offence committed within the district, till both dogs and culprits were ultimately in danger of famishing.

Thus circumstanced, as lord of the estate, the baron urged the criminal judge so forcibly to an immediate dispatch of justice, that in less than a month the latter had capitally convicted the whole depôt of thieves. But since many had refused to acknowledge the respective crimes laid to their charge, confession was wrung from them by torture. Though the prospect of being speedily relieved from this burden was very grateful to the knight, he could not help observing, and indeed with truth, that all this circumlocution in extorting confession, and expence of eating, might be spared, were but the soldier's plan
adopted

adopted of tucking up malefactors to the first tree at hand, and thus stopping for ever the door by which provisions are conveyed in.

He besides made many severe remarks upon the freak taken by the supreme court of judicature in Germany, of investigating so minutely into the conduct of the inferior jurisdictions, that they were become rather a servitude than a benefit to the liege lord. Justice he said must now be suffered to take its course; all that remained in the lord's power was to twist and turn the machine a little, so as to quicken its pace. And in the instance above-mentioned he had so used this power, so spurred and goaded on the judge under him, that the latter in the warmth of his zeal to oblige his superior, had twisted, and twirled, and icrewed the poor victims, till they one and all confessed in a body.

Hence it will appear obvious, that "*the knowledge and love of mankind*" were not plants of common growth within the chief magistrate of Burgholzheim's jurisdiction. If ever I beheld a striking resemblance
between

between two physiognomies, it was between this gentleman's, and that from Michael Angelo Buonarotti, in the third volume of the Fragments. Void of any grace and softness from the top to the bottom, his furrowed forehead, his eyebrows almost meeting the nose, his widely distended nostrils, his bristly hair, all expressed inflexible fierceness and obduracy. It was a true lion's physiognomy, exciting nothing but terror, and all his ideas and actions were perfectly correspondent to his features.

I once heard him complain that fortune had shewn him very little favour in the course of his life, and since she was determined to make him a magistrate, he heartily wished that instead of being placed in his present situation, she had fixed him at Burghausen in Bavaria. There indeed, he said, it was worth while to be a magistrate, since from the criminal catalogue it appeared that within that jurisdiction no less than eleven thousand persons had fallen victims to the penal code between the years 1748 and 1776, whereas during the
same

same period there had scarcely been so many larks caught in his district. He should have been glad, for his part, to have taken a cypher from either end, and led only the remaining number to the gallows. Strange! thought I, that judge and malefactor often think and act upon principles so similar, that they appear as if formed in the same school. Both are actuated by a restless and tyrannical spirit of trampling their fellow-creatures under their feet, and raising themselves upon their ruins, and therefore whenever I hear a judge condemn a thief to the gallows, I think of a pike devouring an eel.

The present set of malefactors in the prison of Burgholzheim were, however, more fortunate than their predecessors. Ere the hand of torture was applied to force confession from them, the young Theodore arrived at his paternal mansion, and by his intercessions for the poor sinners, acquired himself the title of Soter, among them, much more deservedly than did Antiochus the Syrian formerly acquire it among his court sycophants. Possessing
a mind

a mind strung with the finest chords of feeling, the sentimental youth was ready to faint at the mere idea of beholding a vein opened; how much more then must his frame be shaken at the thought of listening to the screams and groans of a miserable wretch upon the rack. Besides his heart revolted against the unfeeling manner in which he perceived his father find his appetite whetted by the slaughter of delinquents, and at beholding him return from it with no less unconcern than a butcher does from that of a fat ox.

He began to loath his food, he was overpowered with the vapours, his sight and hearing failed him, as, according to Puffendorf's account, did General Tilly's at the battle of Leipzick, and he was frequently obliged to have recourse to his mother's smelling-bottle. So different were his ideas of the torture and the gallows, from those of his father and the iron-hearted judge, that through the liveliness of his imagination, and the tenderness of his soul, he felt the thumb-screw, the Spanish-boots, and the hempen necklace as forcibly

as if he had been one of the malefactors themselves.

Summoning together therefore all his resolution, he delivered so fine a polemical discourse to the two tyrants whom he wished to convert, that they were forced to seek shelter in their last fortress, the emperor Charles's strict injunction not to spare in criminal cases. Yet even here he would not let them rest, but pressing them still more and more closely, he at length compelled them to surrender at discretion. But the triumph of victory was not the young philanthropist's sole or even principal aim. With him this was a very inferior consideration to the instilling of milder principles into the bosoms of his pupils, and animated as he was by the success already obtained, he continued his harangue with such a flow of eloquence that the thick coat of ice which encased their hearts began to thaw, and the seed of human feeling, so abundantly sown, to vegetate.

“ But,”

“ But,” said the father, “ how, in criminal cases, is the truth to be discovered unless by torture ?”

“ By the penetrating eye of the judge,” answered Theodore without hesitation.

Hitherto the mildness and sweetness of disposition manifested by her son, had filled the heart of the doating mother with transport inexpressible, and she gazed on him with looks almost of adoration, as though she had been contemplating the features of an angel from heaven. But he had now touched a string that interrupted this harmony, and produced some notes of discord within her ; he had set her piety at variance with her maternal extasies. “ How ! my son,” she exclaimed, “ I would I had not heard such profane expressions from thy mouth ! Who can see into the heart but the Lord, and what judge shall dare pretend to usurp his place ?”

Theodore, whose head was formed upon a perfectly modern construction, and who detested all prejudices, but religious ones above all, regarding them indeed with scarcely less abhorrence than the torture itself,

self, was not extremely pleased at this rebuff from a quarter whence he expected to receive nothing but applause. He replied therefore with a degree of petulance that unexpected contradiction only could inspire: "Oh, madam, this might formerly have been an objection to my proposal, but in these more enlightened times we have abridged heaven of many exclusive prerogatives granted to it in the days of ignorance and superstition.

"A daring spirit in a distant hemisphere has lately discovered the means of directing at the will of man, the course to be taken by the forked light'ning, and one still more intrepid has in our division of the globe even called it down from the clouds above; nor, I fear, now this path is once opened, will all the devotional songs and hymns of the whole collected body of pious matrons and spinsters be able to close it up again. Besides, that scourge of heaven, the plague, is proscribed as contraband goods, and no longer suffered to pass the frontiers of our native country. We have snatched from the
hand

hand of the angel of destruction his phial with the infection of the small-pox, and transformed the noxious poison into a salutary medicine. By the aid of English horses we have learned to outstrip the stormy wind; nay we have even assumed power over the troubled ocean, and by means only of a tun of oil can compel the raging of the waves to cease. Lastly, a genius of a still more sublime description, soaring to yet loftier flights, has taught us a sure means of penetrating into the very hearts of our fellow-creatures. Yes, led on by this aspiring chieftain, we are now enabled to judge the very soul of man from the form of his external features as plainly as if we beheld it in a mirror, and for the future we shall have ourselves alone to blame if we are not acquainted with the most inward thoughts of every being around us."

How little scrupulous soever the good mother might be of intrenching upon the prerogatives of man by wearing the breeches and riding the great horse, she was yet extremely tenacious of the prerogatives of heaven,

heaven, nor would on any consideration give a patient assent to their retrenchment. Poor Theodore's flippant and thoughtless harangue was therefore returned with bitter denunciations against the man who could dare to assume the arrogant pretension of being able to read the hearts of others. In vain did he assure the indignant lady that this investigator of hearts was a respectable conscientious ecclesiastic; this was no mitigation of the offence, he was denounced as a heretic and free-thinker, and sentenced to eternal irrevocable damnation.

The old knight, meanwhile, who had originally given occasion to this dispute, took the earliest opportunity of withdrawing from it entirely, and, conformably to his usual custom after dinner, fell fast asleep. Nor was the judge, though he did not absolutely join his liege lord and turn his solo into a duet, less mute than if he had been in that situation. The penetrating judicial glance required by the young baron, was a qualification in a judge of which he had never heard before, and one
the

the nature of which he could not by any means understand. The keen eye, and the acute sense, were to him perfect *terra incognita*; he knew of nothing keen in *rerum natura*, but the keen question, and a keen knife.

This little rub however between Theodore and his mother had no permanent effect. Notwithstanding his infidelity, and the indignation with which she had reproved it, she yet so entirely idolized this sole object of her maternal affection, that she soon began to soften, and mildly to solicit some farther explanation of so new and singular a hypothesis. Theodore delayed not a moment to avail himself of her conciliating disposition, and descanted so ably upon his system, that at length she not only grew perfectly complacent towards the proposed investigation, but little was wanting that she had not turned physiognomist herself. The father too entered daily more and more eagerly into his son's views, while the judge gladly coincided with the neoteric plan, from the same motive that the Indians worship the

devil

devil, lest so formidable a weapon should be turned against himself. Thus the farther conduct of this criminal process was finally consigned, wholly and solely, to the direction of the gentle Theodore.

Meantime he was in a similar situation with many a man who boasts of the wonders *we* can perform, only from knowing that such things have been done in the world. They would be terribly mistaken who should suppose that he had ever himself been guilty of abridging any of the prerogatives of Heaven. That he had *in propria persona* snatched the infectious phial from the hand of the angel of destruction, outrun the wind, or stilled the raging of the waves; his genius was not indeed of that enterprising disposition. And had he now attempted himself the investigation for which he pleaded, 'tis much to be apprehended that the whole scheme had miscarried from his utter inability to pronounce on the first delinquent brought before him, whether he might be thief, murderer, adulterer, or conjurer, or whether finally he might not be innocent of all offence;

• consequently whether he should be acquitted, or what punishment might with justice be inflicted.

In this dilemma he had recourse to my friend Sportler, who was considered throughout all Franconia as the phoenix of the physiognomical science; and, setting forth his embarrassment, requested his neighbourly assistance. This was granted willingly, nay joyfully, and the worthy magistrate of Geroldshcim failed not to be in readiness at the time, and place, appointed by the young baron, for holding the first regular physiognomical court of judicature ever instituted within the circles of the holy Roman empire.

CHAP. II.

A Physiognomical Court of Judicature.

BESIDES my friend Sportler, as president, the bench consisted of the minister of the parish, a surgeon, and a painter, all able physiognomists, and provided as assistants to strengthen and confirm his decisions; to which were added the usual justices and assessors of the inquisitorial court.

Before the sitting was opened, an important debate arose upon the propriety of allowing the painter a seat among the judges, since the physiognomical canon excludes painters from the corporation of physiognomists. On this the minister, a profound orientalist, at that very time engaged in a new translation of the Talmud, and who was extremely addicted to interlarding his conversation with allusions to oriental literature, rose, and with great
c 2 precision

precision and solemnity, delivered his opinion to the following effect :

“ The Lavaterian codex,” said he, “ which may well be nominated the koran of the science, declares expressly in the ninth section of the fourth volume, that ‘ no painter can be admitted into the physiognomical holy of holies.’—‘ Very few painters,’ adds the same passage, ‘ are physiognomists.’ And I say, too, very few ; for I will not take upon myself to assert positively that there may not be exceptions ; but this I will advance with confidence, that I never met with any deserving of a place beyond the outward courts of the sanctuary, one who was so truly and completely master of the science as to deserve the priesthood. However,” he continued, “ I will not venture, as I said before, to deliver a positive opinion upon the present case : in the multitude of counsellors there is safety ; and I shall rather assent to the decision of my colleagues *in foro conscientie*.”

The artist defended himself extremely well. He said it was the same with painters

as

as with all other classes of men ; very few indeed had the reputation of being complete physiognomists, because very few were sufficiently arrogant to trumpet forth their own fame, or to deliver their sentiments with confidence among such a multitude of pretenders. Perhaps it might be true that no painter was complete master of the science of physiognomy ; but he knew no man of any other profession who was so. If a single individual among the company present, felt such entire confidence in his own powers as to be able, with his hand on his heart, conscientiously to declare his firm conviction that he never could be mistaken in his physiognomical judgment, he only was fit to cast the first stone at a neighbour. And now, he said, he had given them all a fair challenge ; till this stone was cast he should hold himself as well entitled to a voice in the assembly as the rest. Since no one then grasped at a stone, for this very good reason, that there did not happen to be any stones in the room, the artist remained in quiet possession of his place.

The culprits were now brought to the bar; a mixed multitude of all nations and languages under the sun. Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Cappadocia and Asia, in Phrygia and Pamphylia, as enumerated in the epistle for Whitsunday: or, rather, they were, in this instance, from the Elbe, the Oder, the Rhine, the Weser, and the Donau; a medley of criminals of all descriptions and denominations. As the clerk of arraigns made proclamation of the crimes with which each stood charged, they were examined with very inquisitive glances from all sides, to see whether they did not change colour; though, strictly speaking, they had no colour to change, since their meagre fare in the Burgholzheim prison had given them somewhat of a cœochymical aspect. Far, however, from manifesting any signs of conscious guilt, some of these poor wretches seemed perfectly insensible to their situations, and to make a jest of the whole matter; one was even so careless and unconcerned as to amuse himself with catching the flies as they settled upon

upon the ballustrade of the bar. I concluded immediately, both from this circumstance as well as from his physiognomy, that he must be a hardened sinner, to whom arraignment in a court of justice was not recommended by novelty.

I soon perceived that the surgeon was no universalist in the physiognomical art, but a mere partialist, directing his attention entirely to the hair, the beard, and the teeth. At the conclusion of the sitting, I could not help inquiring what might be his motives for confining his observations within such contracted limits? He told me, that he thought these three objects, from the nature of his profession, as barber and surgeon, lay more particularly within his province. For this reason, he said, he had looked over the Fragments in the full confidence of finding among them much useful information on these very important branches of physiognomy; but sorry was he to say that his researches had ended only in disappointment, since the author, through a most culpable degree of negligence, had entirely passed them

over. The only thing from which he derived any assistance was from the fellow with his hand raised up in the fifth table of the first part. By the teeth alone, he affirmed, could this man be classed among the ne'er-be-goods; and from this clue he had been led to make a series of observations, by which he was now enabled to determine the character from the physiognomy of the teeth alone, with as much certainty as a naturalist decides by them what animals are, and what are not, carnivorous.

The painter in the mean time rendered a most important service by sketching the features of the prisoners, which, at the president's desire, were laid before the court to assist the physiognomical decision of the honourable judges. When they were finished, and the delinquents sufficiently examined, the latter were remanded back to prison, that the inquisitors might impart their opinions to each other in private, and consult together upon the verdict.

The first thing to be arranged was, whether the voting should commence with
the

the president, and descend from him downwards ; or, whether the lowest in rank among the judges was to speak first, and the voting to ascend from him to the president. Here no difference of opinion prevailed : it was the unanimous wish of the assembly that the great Sportler's sentiments should be first delivered.

In complying with this request he displayed a degree of knowledge in his peculiar department of physiognomy which never can be exceeded by any votary of the science, and is not likely to be even equalled. He descanted in a very ample manner on the several crimes imputed to the delinquents ; pointed out the appropriate features of one crime and those of another ; and, by applying these rules to the physiognomies we had been examining, clearly shewed us where the accusations were absolutely false, and where perfectly just, as well as where they were only partially false and true. This was done with an eloquence so irresistible, that not a doubt seemed to remain on the minds of any of the court, but all declared

their unqualified assent to every one of his propositions. This circumstance revived in my recollection an idea that struck me many years before, though it had long lain dormant in my mind, but which I now suggest for the benefit of the public at large. It is, that chambers of finances, consistory courts, councils of state, and other like institutions, are a very idle and unnecessary waste of public money, since in all assemblies, however numerous, the tone is always taken from one leader. To him, therefore, the sole direction of the national business might as well be at once consigned, when the expence of so many useless officers would be saved. The mass in all such bodies may be denominated *yeshmen*, since the whole extent of their services to the state is to say *yes* when required, on which monosyllable, however, they fatten much faster than did formerly Mr. Orator Cicero on his far-famed eloquence.

Yet, as I love to state both sides of the question fairly, I will allow that each of these respectable bodies, for every body that
by

by virtue of its numbers has acquired a certain portion of *vim intrinsecam* is respectable has its use. The number of assents undoubtedly add force to any proposition; and were the chambers otherwise constituted, so that dissents were of common currency, how any could question be carried *nem. con.*? Bad indeed would be the times were the well-known motto used by the card-makers, *quod capita tot sensus*, founded in fact; but I know of few sayings more palpably erroneous. Should it ever be unfortunately verified, what terrible confusion would be made in the world! What would then become of the canons of the Tridentines, or any other ecclesiastical assembly? No more would the book of Conformity boast, as now, its myriads of subscribers from generation to generation; and the British Minister would in vain open his budget in the House of Commons, and require millions by dozens from the pockets of the people. Then would no jury, notwithstanding the pressing calls of hunger, unanimously condemn a highwayman to the gallows, because the hour for dinner happened to

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strike;

strike; nor, then, would the physiognomical court of judicature at Burgholzheim have come to a speedy conclusion in their decision; but they might, perhaps, have wrangled and squabbled till they had lost a meal or two, or even a night's rest. Happily, however, that assembly was composed, like most others, principally of *yesmen*, so that the matter was settled at once, without difficulty or contention.

By this physiognomical decision, one of the culprits, notwithstanding that he made the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, was condemned, because, as our president very wisely observed, those who deny the charges against them are always the most hardened villains. But to make amends, and to bring the scale of mercy down to a level with that of justice, the master of a public-house, notorious as a receptacle for thieves, and in whose custody stolen goods had actually been found, who, moreover, almost confessed the allegations against him, was acquitted, the president declaring, with no less sagacity, that one of the class to which his physiognomy belonged,

belonged, must be incapable of committing the offences imputed to him. With respect to some others, judgment was suspended awhile, because their lineaments were not of a nature sufficiently decided, to admit the pronouncing of a hasty sentence.

But among the whole group, not one physiognomy so forcibly arrested Sportler's attention as that of the fly-catcher. He was detained in custody on suspicion of being the author of an incendiary letter circulated about the country, instigating the people to resist the payment of certain contributions, for which they were called upon by the magistrates. With this the president declared himself by no means satisfied. It was not, he affirmed, the genuine contour of an incendiary, though he acknowledged himself perplexed to decide what else might be the nature of his offence. Thus much, however, he could for a certainty determine, that it was the physiognomy of an enormous criminal; of one who had so far exceeded the common bounds of guilt, that his offence had not yet found a place in any code either physiognomical

fiognomical or juridical. Assuming, therefore, an air of extreme mystery, he requested that the man might be brought up again in the afternoon to undergo a private examination before himself, and the criminal judge of the Burgholzheim jurisdiction, alone. This matter being settled, the court was adjourned to the time appointed.

I cannot deny but that the confidence with which my friend pronounced his physiognomical decisions did somewhat surprise me. Yet I regarded this as proceeding from his own firm conviction of the infallibility of the science; and satisfied myself that he had so thoroughly studied this particular branch of it, that to deceive him was impossible. And here I could not totally repel a certain feeling of envy when I compared the acuteness of his physiognomical eye with my own. Had I been in his place, what consideration, and re-consideration, of every face, had it not cost me, ere I had ventured to pronounce a single sentence. I had, in fact, not been in a better situation than the young Baron
Theodore

Theodore when first he took this affair in hand, or than Lavater himself, when visited with so many doubts about the ten men in the German town—doubts which I have not yet been able to pardon.

For my own part, so little was I decided upon the matter, that, excepting in the fly-catcher's, I could discover no lineaments of rascality in the physiognomy of any of the Burgholzheim inculpates. On the contrary, had I seen the whole groupe at work in the hay-field or in the harvest-field, or beheld them selling eggs and onions at market, I should have pronounced them plain honest peasants, in whose features appeared no symptoms of lurking deceit or knavery. And I firmly believe, that with many of the company, the parade of the Court of Judicature, the long string of guards, the clank of fetters, and the terrible catalogue of crimes read over, operated as spectacles, without the assistance of which, even the physiognomical eye had scarcely detected any concealed lines of criminality. I candidly acknowledge that they certainly had their influence upon me; yet whatever opinions they might raise in
my

my bosom to the disadvantage of the prisoners, to have pronounced which belonged to the black, and which to the white list, with the same celerity and decision as Sportler, was far above my horizon.

Even with regard to the fly-catcher, I could not by any means comprehend why he should suppose him so very extraordinary and outrageous a culprit. For myself, though I considered his countenance as the worst among the groupe, and though I could not but own that his features were no less hideous and distorted than the most hateful among the Baschkirs, yet why that deformed countenance should necessarily be the index to villainy so enormous and unheard-of appeared perfectly enigmatical. Nevertheless, so high was my opinion of the infallibility of the Sportlerian judgment, that I fully expected this groaning mountain to bring forth, not a mouse, but really a monster.

The hour of dinner being now arrived, judges and assessors unanimously throwing aside the formalities and ceremonials incidental to the solemn nature of their offices, adjourned with hasty steps and unbended features

features from the hall of justice to the hall of eating. As we approached it, such delicious exhalations of the Vienna *baut-gout*, united with the Franconian provincial cookery, met our noses, as gave sure promise that the young baron's system of reformation had no less found its way into the kitchen than into the criminal court.

When due honour had been paid to all and every of the excellent dishes set before us, not merely with the empty effusions of the tongue, but with the more solid encomiums of the teeth, the tongues which had all the time been condemned to silence, lest they might interrupt the activity of the teeth, were once more set in motion, and like emancipated prisoners, failed not to make all possible use of their newly acquired liberty. At the dessert, Theodore opened his Vienna cellar-stores very freely, and dealt out his *liqueurs fines* as well as his wines, with so liberal a hand, that the dwarf rummers, and long stem glasses, hopped about, and clashed indiscriminately together, like little town *petits-maitres* mingling among the tall athletic peasants at
a coun-

a country wake. This encreased the talkative humour both of host and guests to such a degree, that the conversation at length became scarcely less noisy and tumultuous than what passes in the tap-room of an inn. The exhilarating liquors had indeed so beneficial an effect upon the temper even of the sanguinary knight that, in a sudden burst of philanthropy, he sent the reliques of the dinner down to the castle dungeons, to cheer and refresh the starving prisoners.

Sportler alone took no share in our mirth. He remained so deeply absorbed in thought, that he not only forgot to eat and drink, but seemed totally insensible to what was passing. Certainly it would have been with him, as according to Plato's account, it was with Socrates in the campaign against Potidæa, he would have remained for four-and-twenty hours in the same motionless extasy, had not the noise of the company's rising from table brought him in some degree to his recollection. He soon, however, took an opportunity of absenting.

senting himself, that he might return to angling in his beloved pond.

The young baron, in the mean time, entertained us with a treatise upon police and finances according to the principles of Sonnenfels. This, after a while, involved him in so warm a dispute with the pastor, that it was not at an end when the evening twilight came on. The layman advanced upon the Sonnenfelian maxim, that a country clergyman ought not to be paid by tythes, but by a fixed stipend, raised in such a way as to preclude any altercation with his flock. Yet this he farther observed should be entirely dependent upon his good or ill behaviour in his benefice, and above all, should not be sufficient to enable him to hire a deputy for performing the duty, while he himself revelled upon the emoluments.

This called up the spirit of the ecclesiastic, who, from the quota of physiognomical penetration allotted him by Heaven, thought he read in the young church patron's eyes a fixed determination, whenever the power should be in his hands, to
 carry

carry these principles into practice. He did not, however, think it prudent to attempt taking his antagonist boldly in front, but judged it better to seek some rampart behind which to shelter himself. This he found in the celebrated *Letters upon the State of Literature at Vienna*, from which he produced a string of quotations not very palatable to the young baron.

Perceiving that the ecclesiastical champion, like an ungovernable bull, could by no means be bridled, and finding himself hard pressed by means of the Vienna literati, the church adversary, with true French levity, took a side spring, and fairly snapped the thread of the polemical argument, by returning to his original subject, and passing several high encomiums upon the commercial industry of the Viennese. Hence he, with some adroitness, adverted to a calculation of the probable gains of a dealer in gewgaws for the ladies, who, at the time the Tripoline ambassador was at Vienna, in whose train was a sable Gany-mede *in puris naturalibus*, had the fortunate idea of making fans of gauze, by looking
through

through which the fair might satisfy their curiosity, without any shock to their modesty.

Madame von Urlau had hitherto listened to her son's eloquence with silent admiration, and had only, by way of not appearing wholly unemployed, been looking over a book of pious dialogues, while her lord was visiting his stud and kennel. But now hearing the word fan, she thought the conversation was going to take a turn in which it would be proper for her, as a female, to join. So closing her book and applying her glass to her eye, "A strange invention this," said she, "of looking through a fan! Why did not the ladies of Vienna rather use a glass as I do?"

This maternal cross-examination gave the death-stroke to her darling's eloquence. Wholly at a loss either how to avoid giving an answer, or to devise any form under which an answer to so unfortunate a question could be given, the young baron twirled his thumbs, and, rising from his seat, went to look out at the window. Nor were any of the company, supposing

supposing they had been willing, in a situation to assist him in his embarrassment, since, from the distention of their mouths, and the protuberated state of their cheeks, it was evident that their propensity to laughter, though, perhaps, not perfectly consistent with politeness, was absolutely irresistible. From all these symptoms, the lady, notwithstanding her aphysiognosy, could not help perceiving that she had been guilty of some mistake, and fearing, lest by endeavouring to extricate herself, she might only plunge deeper into the mire, she thought it better to have recourse to her pious dialogues, so, unclosing the book again, she began to study much more earnestly than before.

I found the supper extremely heavy and tedious. Not that there was any deficiency of attention to the appetite in our young host, for which he had made a very plentiful provision, but because I was inexpressibly impatient for a private audience of the grand inquisitor Sportler, to learn the event of his farther examination of the man with the Baschkir physiognomy.

This internal restlessness made the hours seem as long as the deceitful wit of queen Dido made the Carthaginian cow-hide appear: no termination could be discovered to either. Sportler's entrance, however, with a countenance full of transport and satisfaction, gave me assurance that all was well with the physiognomical process, and that it promised a happy conclusion. His abstraction was at an end; he was more eloquent than usual, and ate as if, like a dromedary, he had been accommodated with four stomachs.

This afforded me infinite pleasure: for, though I could not altogether repel some feelings of personal humiliation, when I compared my friend's scientific knowledge with my own, and was forced to confess, though unwillingly, his vast superiority over me, at least in the criminal department, yet so much more had I at heart the general honour of the science than any particular honour to myself, that the promotion of it was always my primary object. Nothing, therefore, could be more gratifying to me than the idea of this culprit's

culprit's having some dreadful and unheard-of crime upon his conscience, which had been detected by the penetrating eye of physiognomy alone. I was somewhat in the case of my Zurich friend, who, in his late Discourses upon the Existence of the Kingdom of Satan, professed an earnest wish to see that fallen monarchy erected again over the whole earth, and declared that it would afford him inexpressible satisfaction, were but every effusion of diabolism recorded in old grandmother's tales established upon historical evidence: "For," said he, "how much would the kingdom of God be glorified, and how much would the Christian faith gain in splendour and stability, by the victories it would have an opportunity of gaining in the conflicts it must thus sustain with the powers of hell!"

Happily for me the same room was assigned to Sportler and myself for our night-quarters. When we had taken possession of it, he first exchanged his coat for a Turkish castan, then put on a large night-cap in the form of a turban, and took a monstrous

monstrous pipe into his mouth, so that he looked like a cadi at least, if not a bashaw. This done, he locked the door to prevent all danger of being disturbed, and afterwards drew his chair towards me with so much solemnity and formality, that, beginning to grow impatient at the tediousness of these preparations, I exclaimed, "Well, my friend, how goes it with the art? Will it be exalted or degraded by this day's work."

"Praised for ever be the art!" said he, in a half whisper, as if apprehensive of making even the walls partakers of the important secret.—"Praised for ever be the art! Be that henceforth the watch-word, when, as a brother, I would enter into a physiognomical communication with any of its votaries. I have made a most important discovery, which shall be imparted to you, but only *sub rosa*."

I will not, however, degrade the importance of the discovery by giving it at the end of a chapter, since, in the first

culprit's having some dreadful and unheard-of crime upon his conscience, which had been detected by the penetrating eye of physiognomy alone. I was somewhat in the case of my Zurich friend, who, in his late Discourses upon the Existence of the Kingdom of Satan, professed an earnest wish to see that fallen monarchy erected again over the whole earth, and declared that it would afford him inexpressible satisfaction, were but every effusion of diabolism recorded in old grandmother's tales established upon historical evidence: "For," said he, "how much would the kingdom of God be glorified, and how much would the Christian faith gain in splendour and stability, by the victories it would have an opportunity of gaining in the conflicts it must thus sustain with the powers of hell!"

Happily for me the same room was assigned to Sportler and myself for our night-quarters. When we had taken possession of it, he first exchanged his coat for a Turkish caftan, then put on a large night-cap in the form of a turban, and took a monstrous

monstrous pipe into his mouth, so that he looked like a cadi at least, if not a bashaw. This done, he locked the door to prevent all danger of being disturbed, and afterwards drew his chair towards me with so much solemnity and formality, that, beginning to grow impatient at the tediousness of these preparations, I exclaimed, "Well, my friend, how goes it with the art? Will it be exalted or degraded by this day's work."

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place, 'tis highly deserving of a chapter to itself; and, in the second place, 'tis but right to allow the reader a little time to take breath ere he enter upon a subject so new, and so uncommon.

CHAP. III.

An Interesting Dialogue.

I DREW my chair as close as possible to my friend, and, big with expectation, exclaimed, "Well, let me hear?"

SPORTLER.

Did you examine the delinquent Bastian Schabziger while he was before the Court?

MYSELF.

Undoubtedly! his countenance is too remarkable to be passed over. That squab forehead, those little swinish Chinese eyes, those bristly eye-brows, and the strange manner in which his hair grows, must inevitably attract attention. I do not believe that more eloquence was ever expended upon Sampson's locks themselves than our chirurgical assistant has been pouring forth upon this Baschkir's.

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SPORTLER.

SPORTLER.

A very striking physiognomy undoubtedly, and 'tis most natural that it should excite speculation wherever 'tis seen. But how do you read it?

MYSELF.

How do I read it?—My dear sir, this is not a matter on which to form a hasty judgment. Before I had seen Sempronius, or read the fourth volume of the Fragments, I might, perhaps, have delivered an opinion with some confidence, but at present I can by no means trust to the immediate impulse, and pronounce judgment with the confidence you do, especially when the question concerns life or death.

SPORTLER.

I only want your private opinion of this physiognomy. That will not bring the man to the gallows.

MYSELF.

'Tis already given: that it bears a strong resemblance to the Baschkir in the Fragments. Now, since the commentary
upon

upon this sketch tells me that a countenance so formed belongs to the very lowest class of human nature, and consequently may be considered as the last link in the chain between man and the brute species, so may animal stupidity, insolence, obstinacy, knavery, in a word, a propensity to the commission of all kinds of villany, be the principal ingredients in the composition of such a semi-brute.

SPORTLER.

Very right! Yet still you deal too much in general propositions. I wish to know plainly and positively what precise act of villainy you suspect him to have committed?

MYSELF.

You go now too far. I believe the wretch to act merely by animal instinct, and to be perfectly void of any consciousness of moral good or evil in whatever he does. I can even suppose him the very counterpart of that incarnate devil Rudgerodt; that he may have been guilty of fornication, murder, highway-robbery, burglary; yet, in every instance, without

feeling that he was committing a crime. That when he kills a man, he only thinks, like the cook when he kills a fowl, that he follows his vocation.

SPORTLER.

May not this apparent stupidity be a mask assumed to conceal the most crafty and premeditated villany?

MYSELF.

That would be to contradict appearance; yet after all appearance is but appearance, and how often that deceives I know well from experience.

SPORTLER.

I cannot understand why, as a friend to the science, when your feelings were so much struck with the first sight of the man, you did not follow the clue and endeavour to penetrate farther into the matter. I hoped that my observations would have been anticipated by yours, instead of which, you do not seem to have observed at all.

MYSELF.

Let not that disturb you I intreat, but if you be upon the right scent yourself, pursue

purſue it without concerning yourſelf whether or not your companions may be equally forward in the chace. I will give you my reaſons why I cannot follow as faſt as you lead. Imprimis, there were too many countenances to examine at once. The firſt glance, we all know, is that upon which the phyſiognomiſt muſt principally reſt his obſervations, and to which he muſt truſt as to inſpiration. Yet as little as a Star-gazer can with his phyſical eyes take in a hundred ſtars at once, ſo little can a phyſiognomiſt with his intellectual penetration take in at once ſo large a number of phyſiognomies, in ſuch a manner as to be enabled immediately to trace the ſecret workings of each reſpective ſoul. In my opinion, therefore, the whole rabble rout of delinquents ſhould not have been turned into court together; they ought rather to have been each ſeparately examined like horſes and oxen at a fair. In the ſecond place, the criminal phyſiognomy has not been my particular ſtudy, whereas by your indefatigable zeal in the inveſtigation of it, you

seem to have arrived at the happy faculty of knowing it almost instinctively. Such, indeed, has been your ardour in the cause, that I can compare it to nothing but that with which Lottinger for a long time pursued his researches into the natural history of the cuckoo. Year after year did he, almost at the hazard of his life, climb from tree to tree, or creep through bush and briar, to furnish the *Chronique Scandaleuse* with the most authentic information relative to the extraordinary method taken by this singular bird for the propagation of its species. But I beg, my dear sir, that the discovery may be delayed no longer!—I am impatient to hear every particular of this affair, by which you hope so effectually to twine the physiognomical laurel round your brow!

SPORTLER.

Then know that this Baschkir is neither more nor less than the atrocious villain who poisoned the Chalice at Zurich.

I clasped

I clasped my arms together, threw myself back in my chair with an expression of consummate astonishment, and exclaimed, "How?—can this be possible?—can that most execrable of monsters be really a prisoner in this castle?—and have you discovered him only by means of your physiognomical penetration?"

"Assure yourself 'tis no other," replied Sportler, with an air of no small self-satisfaction, accompanied by a very significant wink and nod of the head.

MYSELF.

And he has confessed the crime?

SPORTLER.

Not absolutely. But my suspicions are so confirmed by circumstantial evidence, that the matter is placed beyond a doubt.

MYSELF.

All which I should be extremely gratified by hearing, if you be not averse to saying so much out of court.

SPORTLER.

You shall know all; only observe that

it must remain a profound secret between ourselves.

MYSELF.

I understand. The riddle says, for one too big, for three too little, exactly the right size for two. Impart your discovery then, we are the proper number for retaining it as a secret.

SPORTLER.

At the first glance I cast upon this delinquent, his physiognomy assured me that I saw a criminal of no common description. I have found from observation upon many of the countenances in my collection, that apparent stupidity and brutal instinct, are frequently only masks to conceal the most execrable villanies. However, in this instance, I judge even more from actions and circumstantial evidence than from the physiognomy. In the first place, he has wandered about the country, begging as a vagabond, now calling himself a Salzburg emigrant, then a Jew convert, then something else, all which looks extremely suspicious. Next, he
stands

stands recorded in the *forum delicti* here as a Swiss from the town of Zurich, where his house was considered as a notorious harbour for thieves. This charge, indeed, the delinquent denies, but he confesses himself to be a native of Zurich, and says that his proper name is Bastian Schabziger. He says also that he quitted his own country, because, having been displaced from the offices on which he depended for his livelihood, he was in danger of starving, and hoped to get his bread elsewhere.

MYSELF.

A curious co-incidence of circumstances, no doubt. A physiognomy with a singular expression of villany, a native of Zurich, and residing there at the very time when the story of the poisoned chalice excited so much attention. These things lead, I own, to strong presumption against him, but are surely not sufficient to establish your position.

SPORTLER.

Nor is my judgment rested upon them alone ; I but employed them as hints for
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pursuing

purfuing the fcent. Listen, therefore to what farther appeared at the afternoon's examination. I questioned him what trade or profeffion he had practifed at Zurich, or whether he had followed any kind of manual labour? To this he answered, that his labours had been rather *pedual* than manual, fince he was by education a Chamois-hunter, but was afterwards taken into the fervice of the Minifter at Zurich as organ-blower and bell-ringer, becaufe from a fingular knack he had acquired of ringing the bell with his foot, he could give a peculiar force and folemnity to the found: and as this was not a common talent, he had been retained in the fervice for many years.

MYSELF.

Curious indeed!

SPORTLER.

Question. Did this employment gain him a comfortable livelihood?—*Answer.* The ordinary ringing for church alone brought him in fufficient to live decently, but he had befides occasional good wind-falls in ringing for deaths.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

Curious, again!

SPORTLER.

Question. How did he employ himself when not wanted to ring? Had he never been a spy for thieves, and a receiver of stolen goods?—*Answer.* He was kept in pretty constant employment by ringing the bell or blowing the bellows, but sometimes, when from the town being overstocked with physicians, the sexton had a more than usual quantity of graves to make, he had given him a helping hand for a pot of beer.—*Question.* Was he not addicted to jolly company, and always ready to join a party in a carousing match, or at the gaming table, and crack his jokes very fluently among them?—*Answer.* When he had money in his pocket he never was averse to play or good cheer, and as ready with his joke as any of the company.—*Question.* For what reason was he at last dismissed from his offices?—*Answer.* He did not know; perhaps some of his comrades had slandered

flandered him because he kept a tight rein over them, and never let any failure in their duty pass unnoticed.—*Question.*

At what time did he leave Zurich?—

Answer. Exactly at noon, he could not tell the day, but it was in the year 1776, about the fall of the leaf.

MYSELF,

Curious I must say still!—Most curious!

SPORTLER.

Question. Did he ever hear of the poisoning the wine at the sacrament at Zurich, in that very year?—At the mention of this circumstance he seemed thunderstruck. The muscles of his face were instantly swelled and distended from the blood that rushed into it, and his heart palpitated so as to be visible through his clothes. All this, however, he endeavoured to disguise by a violent fit of coughing, yet when that subsided, and the question was put to him again, his confusion was still apparent, and he answered very concisely that he knew nothing of
the

the matter. 'Tis true, he said, that he remembered a great commotion in the town about a story of the kind, but what did not burn him he never sought to quench.—*Question.* How could he disavow any knowledge of an affair which was a matter of public notoriety, and against which two sermons were preached in the church, when, from his employment as organ-blower, he must necessarily have been present?—*Answer.* He might perhaps be in the church, but the sound of the preacher's voice did not reach him behind the organ, therefore he never knew the subject of his sermons. I here judged it necessary to make a pathognomical experiment upon the delinquent, either to frighten him into confession, or by the observations I should make upon the effect of my threats to ascertain the truth more fully. I therefore told him that this affected ignorance of the matter would avail him nothing, since the whole plot had been discovered at Zurich, and he was well known as its
accursed

accursed author. That accurately as his person had been described by public advertisement, no one could possibly be mistaken in it, and if he did not confess at once, the truth would be wrung from him to-morrow morning by the most frightful torture. A free unrestrained acknowledgment of his guilt was the only refuge by which he could hope to obtain any mitigation of his punishment.

MYSELF.

This is indeed a very persuasive species of eloquence, and 'tis no wonder that the poor sinner is brought by such means to confess whatever the judge requires. You remind me of the old Saxon Duke William, who, as the historian Müller relates, addressing the magistracy of Buttstadt, a little town in Thuringia, said, "Try what your threats will do, gentlemen, perhaps the dread of torture will work the desired effect."

SPORTLER.

Which must be the ardent wish of every conscientious judge, who seeks
only

only to investigate the truth, and I most sincerely lament that no artist was with me to sketch the expression of the evil conscience instantly manifest on his features, and which made so plain a confession of his criminality. 'Twas an expression that could not have been mistaken, even by the most unphysiognomical head that rests upon a pair of shoulders; such as rendered any vocal confession unnecessary, nay, almost superfluous. And now what say you yourself, and what do you think the public will say to this important discovery? Since it is thus made clear as noon-day that physiognomy can perform what it promises, and is likely to become of such important benefit to society, will not all disbelievers in it be converted, and all vilifiers of it be silenced and put to shame?

MYSELF.

My good friend, let me exhort you to rejoice with temperance. I have at home an old dollar that bears the inscription, "*all with circumspection.*" I must own that you do not appear to me sufficiently

ciently authorized to cackle so loud with your new-laid egg. Though you have examined this culprit physiognomically and pathognomically; though you have investigated and weighed his character minutely, and, as you may think, accurately; though you have brought the sum of his capital of power and intellect, together with the interest due upon it, regularly to account; there may, notwithstanding, be somewhere a trivial, nay, an almost imperceptible *error calculi*, which may demolish the whole fabric. I have many things to suggest against your reasoning.

SPORTLER.

You will oblige me much by imparting them. But first let me recapitulate the grounds of my conviction, by way of casting up my side of the account.

MYSELF.

Granted.

SPORTLER.

The wonderful co-incidence of a physiognomy capable of the most atrocious crimes,

crimes, with the man's being an inhabitant of Zurich ; with his being there at the very time when the chalice was poisoned ; with his having the office of bell-ringer in the church where this black deed was perpetrated, and his almost immediate dismissal from that post, when he became a fugitive and vagabond, without any lawful means of support. These are circumstances so strong against the delinquent, that they may fairly be called something more than mere presumptive evidence.

MYSELF.

And shall have their proper place in the calculation when we proceed to the balance.

SPORTLER.

The delinquent's unconstrained confession that he was addicted to play, and forward in cracking his jokes at the gaming-table, may perhaps appear to have no particular relation to the matter in question. But let it be remembered that the good Lavater, in his two famous sermons

sermons upon the poisoned wine, prophetically attributed to the mind capable of so black a deed, a propensity to play and to jesting. Now the present inculcate's being thus characterised, though 'tis no positive evidence against him, adds another link to the chain of circumstances which fix upon him the perpetration of a crime so new and unparalleled.

MYSELF.

With all due respect for a proposition delivered from the pulpit, and from the mouth of a master in the knowledge of mankind, I must yet observe that in justice this cannot make either for or against the supposed culprit, since after all, 'tis no more than a bold assumption upon a case confessedly new.

SPORTLER.

But the excessive emotions excited in him by the bare mention of the poisoned cup; his first disowning any knowledge of the affair, and afterwards allowing that he had heard of it; in short, his pathognomic confession of the fact, you will
surely

surely grant, when added to other circumstances, form a sufficient body of evidence upon which to pronounce him guilty.

MYSELF.

By no means.

SPORTLER.

And why not?

MYSELF.

For three substantial reasons. *Pro primo*, because the concurrence of circumstances is purely accidental. *Pro secundo*, that the enthusiastic Lavater's prophetic idea is a mere fancy of his own brain. And *pro tertio*, because, with respect to the article of pathognomy, there certainly is a great *error calculi*.

SPORTLER.

How so?

MYSELF.

The interest is here confounded with the capital. You have ascribed all the grimaces and distortions of countenance you beheld, to conscious villany, without seeming to be aware of any other possible

possible cause to which they might be imputable. Yet reflect that the poor devil did not know of any charge against him excepting that he had wandered about the country begging as a vagabond, for which a dozen or two of lashes is the usual punishment, and then think of his situation when he heard himself accused of a crime so atrocious as could only be expiated by like tortures with those inflicted upon Saint Laurence. This could be no joke to him, nor was it very surprising that his countenance should change, or that drops of sweat of no common size should instantly overspread his Judas's brow. Your pathognomical phænomena, 'tis therefore clear, are by no means certain data on which to found any conclusion. But granted that your conclusions were ever so just, such a scheme could scarcely be planned by any one without a prospect of great advantage to himself from its accomplishment, and what possible benefit could this man have derived from wantonly destroying so many of his fellow-creatures?

creatures? It appears to me very hard, that because he was bell-ringer in the church when the fatal affair happened, he must necessarily lie under the suspicion of being concerned in it.

SPORTLER.

You come now to the very point upon which your premature refutation has hitherto prevented my touching. You cannot then solve this problem?

MYSELF.

No, truly. I must refer entirely to you for its explanation.

SPORTLER.

Did not the rascal own that ringing for deaths was one of the great profits of his office?

MYSELF.

He did. But what of that?

SPORTLER.

What of that?—Does it not clear away every doubt?—His plan was unquestionably that the whole twelve hundred communicants should die one after the other in the course of a few weeks for the benefit

nefit of his pocket, and to furnish him with the means of indulging himself more freely in his love of gaming and carousing?—I think this a sufficient reason why a bell-ringer was of all persons in the world the most probable that could be fixed upon for planning such a scheme. Even the ingredients of which the poison was composed, strongly corroborate this presumption. These were potters-clay, Spanish pepper, thorn-apples, water-lilies, and pure arsenic, a composition that would be a longer or shorter time in taking effect according to the strength of constitution of the party taking it; consequently they would die off gradually, and thus render the matter less liable to suspicion.

MYSELF.

This strange composition betrays a complete bungler in the poisoning business. An adept would have taken the *aqua Tophana* from arsenic, alkaline salt, and the sap of the Cymbalaria, which formerly the followers of Saint Peter in the Romish chair were wont to administer

nister to those who had just begun to ascend the ladder to heaven, in order to accelerate their progress. Indeed the Zurcher might well have spared all his other articles, had he only been somewhat more bountiful of the last-mentioned.

SPORTLER.

That would not have answered his purpose. What advantage had he derived from his villany if the whole twelve hundred had gone off in one night, like fish removed into strange water?—No; his plan was that they should die by degrees, that he might ring the bell for all. But here we see the inexperienced hand of the perpetrator. He did not know how to hit the proper dose, and what would have been sufficient for poisoning two or three cups was too weak for two-and-thirty. Besides the mixture was not equally divided among them, and, being unpractised in his business, his hand, perhaps, trembled so that he shook some of the powder aside. Thus

it happened that he failed of the principal part of his intended victims, since only two actually died, probably from taking more freely of the cup than their fellow-communicants. 'Tis plain then, from all circumstances, that the thing was undertaken by an inexperienced hand, and if the physiognomy of the whole affair be compared with that of the delinquent Bastian Schabziger, the failure may be well accounted for, and no room left to doubt that he alone was the contriver of so foul a purpose.

MYSELF.

I cannot but admire your ingenuity, my friend, in adapting all the circumstances of this affair, with great appearance of probability, to the situation of poor Bastian. But, pardon the comparison, you appear to lie very open to a suspicion of having yourself put the ingredients into the fellow's pocket, for the purpose of finding them there. Suppose then that I, as a merciful Samaritan, were to undertake his defence, and prove,
on

on logical grounds, that he must be as innocent of the crime as you or I, or any of the twelve hundred whom you consider as his destined victims?

SPORTLER.

Since you seem at present entirely in the humour for contradiction, say whatever you please. But the examination to-morrow will confirm what I have advanced, and overturn all your objections.

MYSELF.

No, sir, they cannot be overturned by any examination. The long and short of the matter is, (for since 'tis now midnight 'tis better to cut it short,) that the whole affair of the Zurich tragedy is an optical delusion, or rather a physiognomical error.

SPORTLER.

How !!!

MYSELF.

In fact, this extraordinary and terrific story has been hitherto a frightful water-spout, which carried along in the torrent of credulity that supported it, whatever

fell in its way, till not long since a daring spirit ventured to fire at it, and the phænomenon has vanished. Or, to speak without metaphor, a cold philosophical head at Berlin, to which yet belongs a very keen nose, has lately proved beyond a doubt, that certain warm heads at Zurich, not quite so philosophical as his own, had, according to their usual practice, raised an alarm before there was occasion, mistaking a cat for a sea-wolf, a shadow for a ghost, and a bundle of rotten-wood for a death's torch. They who love adventures are never at a loss to find them; since, if nothing else present itself, there are always windmills enough to attack as giants. The whole matter of the Zurich chalice is reducible into the negligence, or oversight, or perhaps designed œconomy of the vintner, the butler, or the cooper, without any ill design whatever. This is the Berlin philosopher's opinion, in which he has found reason so strongly on his side, that all arguments brought against him rebound

bound like light arrows shot by a child from a quill against a stone wall.

SPORTLER.

Shame, that a single obscure individual should think thus to reason away a public fact, established by public judicial proceedings. What does a bare assertion, *sine die et consule*, prove against the *visum repletum* of three experienced physicians, who analysed the sediment at the bottom of the cup, and unanimously pronounced it a composition of various poisons. Yes, the sediment!—the sediment!—who can get through, or get over, the sediment?

MYSELF.

I understand this. You suppose my philosopher, with his demonstration, is stuck fast in the sediment. But of that, believe me, there is no danger, since 'tis in the sediment itself that lies the optical illusion or the physiognomical error. The physicians examined it in the very heat of the affair, when a panic terror had seized the whole town. They did

not enter upon the trial with the spirit of investigation that actuates men solicitous only to discover the truth, but with heads pre-occupied by the idea of poison and all its concomitant horrors. What wonder then that imagination should play its accustomed tricks, and what was sought with eagerness should be found without difficulty. Yet after all, the amount of their discoveries gave no great cause for exultation. One was confident that arsenic was a principal ingredient in the composition, to which the others would by no means assent; and therefore I draw this conclusion, which, I think, their whole proceedings justify, that their examination was not a chymical, but merely a physiognomical one. They examined the assembled cups, as I the assembled malefactors this morning, and, because judges and assessors exclaimed unanimously that they were all together an ungodly rabble, I could distinguish the stamp of Cain on every countenance. In like manner, since all Zurich were exclaiming that death lurked
in

in the chalices, so would the heated fancy of the physicians have found poison in the sediment, even though it had been nothing but a harmless dose of jalap.

Friend Sportler could by no means digest a train of reasoning that aimed at the utter destruction of all belief in the wine at the sacrament at Zurich ever having been poisoned. For if this black deed had not been perpetrated, it followed as a necessary consequence, that neither in the strong holds of the castle at Burgholzheim, nor in any other place illuminated or not illuminated by the rays of the glorious sun, such a being could exist as the perpetrator. And if the non-existence of this being were established, he was deprived again in a moment of a hobby but just received among his stud, and on which he had promised himself many a delicious ride.

He therefore snapped me up very shortly with saying, that the next morning's examination would decide the matter; then rising from his seat, and taking

his pipe out of his mouth, he wished me good night, and with an air of great offence got hastily into bed.

Petrus currit, ergo currat, thought I within myself, let him go!—So, following his example, I threw myself into bed likewise, where I soon fell into a sleep, equal for soundness to that of the seven holy sleepers themselves.

CHAP. IV.

An unexpected Elopement.

THE sun was already high in the heavens when I awoke, notwithstanding which an awful stillness reigned over the castle, as though the noon of night had not yet been past.

Desirous of learning some tidings of my friend, I listened, but could perceive no sound of breathing from his bed. I was instantly struck with the horrible idea that he had worked himself into so great a passion at my contradicting him the evening before, that he had gone off suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. With a hasty spring I jumped up, and drew back his curtains in the dreadful apprehension of beholding an icy corpse extended before me. But nor corpse nor living soul did

I find; the bird was flown, and the nest entirely empty.

Amazed, and perplexed, I rang immediately for the servants, when nobody but the chambermaid appeared. Of her I enquired the reason of this profound silence in the castle at so late an hour? What was become of all the servants? Had any disaster happened to the mansion's lord? and finally, Was my last night's companion now holding another court of judicature, or had he taken himself away in dudgeon?

The girl clasped her hands together in astonishment, and returning enquiry for enquiry, asked, Whether I really did not know what had happened in the night? and whether it was possible that I had not learned the terrible misfortune that had occurred at the castle?—I started back: “What misfortune!” I exclaimed: “indeed I know not a word about the matter. I must have been in a death-like sleep! Tell me instantly; is it an invasion from without, or a rebellion from within? is it an inroad of fire or water?—is it an
evil

evil deprecated in the evening prayers, or since the night-walking spirits have been driven out of the hymn-book, have they taken refuge here?

“Nothing of this,” replied the girl; “but the whole collection of malefactors have by some means broke prison, and are run away. Every body from the castle, but our young master, is gone after them, and I hope to the Lord they’ll be caught, else to be sure the house will be set on fire, and we shall be all ravished or murdered.”

“Oh woeful tidings!” I exclaimed, “tidings indeed most woeful!”—and instantly repaired to the young Baron Theodore’s apartment, who, while all the rest of his sex were engaged in the malefactor hunt, was very composedly decorating his person at the toilette.

From him I learned that the mass of delinquents, according to the relation of a lad who was left behind, had been extremely perplexed by the silent examination, and, after canvassing it over together, had at length come to the con-

clusion that they were certainly all condemned to the gallows. Of this they were the more firmly convinced, from observing a clergyman in the full regalia of his order upon the bench, who, they concluded, was summoned to give them the proper ecclesiastical passport into another world. But what in their opinions placed the matter beyond a doubt, was the unaccustomed liberality of the castle's lord, in sending them the reliques of his own table, which they thought would bear no other interpretation than being intended to animate them for meeting their fates with a becoming resolution. They therefore unanimously agreed that the good cheer would be more advantageously bestowed upon their guards than themselves, in which opinion they found not the least difficulty of obtaining the guards' concurrence. The wine as well as beer flowed liberally ; and as the gaolers were not much more accustomed to a plentiful meal than the prisoners, they plied them, as well as the victuals, so freely, that they were soon in a situation more proper to be guarded

guarded than to guard. The consequence was, that when the provisions were gone and the flasks emptied, the God Somnus took his turn to claim their homage, and while they remained wholly absorbed in their devotions to him, the malefactors were so very inattentive to their duty as not to wait their awakening, but to take a French leave of guards and castle all together.

About noon the whole judicial train, some on foot, some on horseback, returned to the castle. Of the game which was the principal object of their pursuit not a single piece was retaken, but they had captured such a number of hares, partridges, and fieldfares as amply paid them for their trouble. For the rest, this incident made various impressions upon the physiognomies of the groupe, according to the interest each took in the matter. The noble Baron von Urlau appeared no way displeased at so unexpected a curtailment of the judicial proceedings, since by this means the whole allotment of provisions would come among his kennel.

The

The philanthropic Theodore was well satisfied that the delinquents had decided upon their own fates, and taken the burden off his shoulders, without leaving any stains of blood upon his conscience. The judge of the Burgholzheim court seemed to stand in an even balance between joy and sorrow, as two scales with an equal pound weight in each. If by the prisoners' elopement he lost his conviction fees, whatever property they left behind devolved to him, though not as an inheritance, as a *donatio inter vivos*. And the servants in general, as is usually the case, seemed to feel such a degree of sympathy in the fates of the accused, that they saw no cause of regret for their having removed themselves out of the reach of justice.

Sportler alone bore on his countenance traces of deep and unfeigned sadness. He appeared no less inconsolable for the loss of this specimen of a new genus of criminals, than Master Elgotz would be at that of a Centipes which might chance to have

have a foot over or under the exact number of a hundred. I, for my part, regarded the matter in a very different light. I conceived that in no other way could it have terminated so fortunately for us, since the honour of the science now stood unimpeached, and it was impossible even for its most inveterate enemies to assert that one false judgment had been pronounced. Besides as we were in possession of sketches of the several delinquents' physiognomies, it was still in the power of the judges to execute their sentence in effigy. Indeed, 'tis my humble advice, that when, after a course of years, physiognomising criminals shall have superseded the torture, in the same manner the hanging or burning the silhouette, which has been the means of convicting the offender, shall be substituted for executing the offender himself. Then, should a small mistake in judgment be made, the error can be much more easily answered to God and our consciences.

The catastrophe of the Burgholzheim delinquents rendering Sportler's longer stay

stay at the castle unnecessary, he ordered the horses to be saddled immediately after dinner, and the very same evening we bent our course towards Geroldsheim. My companion was not disposed to be talkative ; so that a considerable part of our ride home, for its silence, strongly resembled a funeral procession. By this means I gained time to arrange in my mind an ingenious harangue, which I afterwards delivered to my friend solely for his use and profit. But, as I think it may also not be unserviceable to others, and as I wish somebody to hear it, and am very doubtful whether a single syllable ever reached Sportler's ears, I shall here present it to my readers.

“ My dear friend,” I began, “ let not the withering of the gourd beneath whose shade you sat, triumphantly expecting the fulfilment of your physiognomical sentence, afflict you thus. Pardon the sincerity of my heart ; but you appear to me precisely in the situation that the prophet found himself ages ago, a few paces behind Nineveh. He had no particular enmity

mity to the royal town any more than you towards the delinquent in question, but you were both in pursuit of fame and honour, and watched beneath the shade of the gourd for the fulfilment of your denunciations; but, alas! the gourd vanished. Nor should this be matter of surprise to you. 'Tis commonly thus with the ideal gourds that we erect over our heads, they wither and fade away, and leave us exposed without shelter to the burning noon-tide rays of disappointment and discontent. If all had succeeded according to your wishes, no doubt you would have formed a new epoch in the mode of administering criminal justice; perhaps would even have torn the laurels from the brow of him who originally suggested the idea of substituting physiognomy for the torture, and twined them around your own. So would this benignant system have been called from you the Sportlerian, instead of being stiled the Sonnenfelian, or Lavaterian, as the new world is not called Columbia,

but

but America. Yet call to mind the fate of the Zurichers. After all the outcry they raised on the subject of the poisoning, have they not been humbled by a Berliner, who stepped in behind them, and with one puff dispersed the whole story, as chaff before the wind? Think then that the same catastrophe might have befallen you. Who can say that you had not struck prematurely upon the great bell, and that when your proceedings came before the eyes of the world, it might not have appeared that what you considered as good seed was in reality the sweepings of the threshing-floor. Would not then the last error have been worse than the first? The case is still possible that you might be mistaken with respect to Bassian; and if the Berliner be right, you certainly were so. All might have ended like the alarm given not long since by the centinel upon the watch tower at Dresden. Seeing a distant light in the horizon, he roused the whole town with a cry of the enemy approaching; every
body

body ran to arms, and all possible preparations were making to give them a warm reception, when the light, having ascended somewhat higher in the heavens, was discovered to be only the planet Venus rising with more than usual splendour. I grant, however, that the Zurich Baschkir has not much resemblance to the planet Venus, except this *tertio comparationis*. But the poor fellow is not himself to blame that the fifth pair of nerves of the brain, which, according to Professor Wrisberg, are those that take the lead in the formation of the countenance, have performed their function so ill that instead of a human contour they have sketched that of an ape. To what false conclusions a distorted physiognomy may lead, I have had sufficient experience in the case of my shepherd Mark.

“ But principally”—Here I was about to enter on a most admirable elucidation of the Sonnenfelian idea of substituting the penetrating glance of the judge for the torture, with observations upon its benevolent tendency to spare innocence, and more
fully

fully detect guilt. In this I should probably have met with as little interruption as in the former part of my oration, since it appeared impossible to disturb the silence of my companion; but unfortunately for the world, to whom I am afraid this incomparable piece of elocution is now lost for ever, just as I was commencing, a neigh from my horse announced our arrival at the castle of Geroldsheim. Sportler sprung from his saddle in a moment, and, totally regardless of the attention due to a guest, left me to harangue to the groom if an auditor was indispensable.

CHAP. V.

*My fifth Resting Place.**Letters.*

SINCE my friend Sportler's meteor, which he hoped would have soared with such brilliance above the German horizon, had fallen to nothing, I found little more was to be expected by remaining under his roof. The planetary aspect now seemed as unfavourable for the physiognomical science, in the circle of Franconia, as in that of Meissen. I thought, however, of the adage that my preceptor Master Gratius had so often repeated to me in my youth,

Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ;
and determined that if, perhaps, I had not in those days paid it all deserved attention,

tention, I would not now have to reproach myself upon that score.

Day after day did I watch therefore for Philip's return, feeling such a parching thirst after the pure fountain water in Switzerland, that had I possessed the Dædalian art, I had certainly trusted my fate to waxen wings. Hitherto all my physiognomical experience had rather tended to weaken than confirm my faith in the science. The great confidence I had reposed in Sportler's knowledge, had but added one more to the long list of deceptions by which I had been tormented. His boasted insight into the criminal physiognomy appeared equally chimerical with the traffic in airs carried on at present among our philosophical experimentalists. They cry about in the streets, and markets, their hot air and cold air—their fixed and volatile air—their vitriolic, sulphureous, salpetrian, marshy, mountainous, oceanic, and I know not how many other airs besides, as he cried his robbers, his murderers, his adulterers,

adulterers, his incendiaries, and his *chalice poisoners*, and after all, with both 'tis but *air*.

After such repeated disappointments where would have been the wonder had I become an absolute physiognomical spinozist? But to have flown off thus immediately into the bosom of infidelity, would have been acting in direct opposition to the object for which my journey was undertaken. I wished to strengthen and confirm my faith, and could not bear the idea of beholding the whole fabric overturned and laid in ruins at my feet. Nothing then remained but to repair at once to the fountain head of every thing; and I resolved as soon as I should receive the expected supply of the *unum necessarium*, to bend my course towards Zurich.

As I was one evening silently revolving this matter over in my mind, sitting in a comfortable warm corner by the chimney, while the wind was very boisterous abroad, I happened by chance to cast my eyes on the word *constanter*, inscribed
over

over the Brunswick horse on the stove. With not less eagerness than a pious matron catches at any wholesome saw of advice or admonition to which chance directs her eyes on opening some sacred repository of celestial aphorisms, did I catch at this inscription, as a hint given from above to urge on my genius. I have never failed, said I within myself, both at home and in my travels, diligently to investigate every physiognomical object that came before me. All the energies of my soul have for a long time been directed to that single point ; and what a reflection would it cast upon me were I now to fail in the pursuit merely from want of perseverance ! I will renew the covenant with my heart, never to shrink from this pursuit till I have obtained a firm footing on some hospitable shore, where I may have no farther occasion to apprehend being driven about in the perilous ocean of uncertainty, or swallowed up in the whirlpool of disbelief. Was the young Frenchman Anquetil not deterred
by

by the immense distance between Paris and the heart of Asia from seeking the Zendavesta and the sacred books of the Bramins, even upon the banks of the Indus itself, that he might send home a rich treasure to his native land? and shall I hesitate a moment to undertake a journey of three steps into Switzerland to hear the wondrous doctrines of physiognomy preached by the mouth of our great apostle himself? *Vox viva docet*, I say; else why do we hasten to the literary carnivals at the academies, there to purchase wisdom and knowledge at its very source, when otherwise we might be just as well supplied by any bookseller's shop?

On the morrow, at my first meeting with Sportler, I communicated my purpose, which he highly applauded, only intreated me to spare him yet a few days of my company, since there was a weighty matter upon his mind, on which he had determined to ask my advice; a request to which it will easily be supposed I assented without hesitation. About noon,

to my infinite satisfaction, I at length beheld Philip, with his spondee-paced nag, enter the court. They seemed to move on very slowly and solemnly, whence I flattered myself that they were returned heavy laden with the needful; which probably, for my greater convenience, was sent all in ready money. Instantly the varied scenery of the charming country of Switzerland floated in idea before my eyes. The high towering glaciers, the chill ice valley, between the green Alps, the lofty cataract of the Rhine, and numberless other curiosities, seemed already within my reach. How many hundreds of neat blooming milk-maidens did I meet on my way! I saw them, with full pails on their heads, climb the steepy rocks, as sure footed as the gentle chamois itself; then, turning towards the rough mountain cattle, methought my ears were saluted with the charming wild notes of the *Kubreigen*, which, though forbidden in France, are whistled without restraint in this land of freedom.

In

In another moment of imaginary transport, I found myself at the house door of the worthy Lavater, which was opened by his amiable wife. I pressed in idea her delicate white hand, which indeed appeared much more lovely than the silhouette of her glove, in the *Fragments*, gives reason to suppose it. This was a trill of extasy! But oh, what were my feelings when my eyes first met those of the great physiognomist himself!—I verily believe that the visionary transport would have gone near to overpower me, had not the step of Philip upon the staircase recalled my senses from their illusion. He entered so nimbly, that methought little appearance remained of the vast sum the spondee's pace had given reason to expect. He delivered, in the first place, a packet of letters; but before I broke a single seal I enquired for the ready money he had brought. His hand was immediately applied to his fob, whence he drew forth a purse, the physiognomy of which by no means promised

to answer my expectations ; it looked as lank and as meagre as one of Pharaoh's lean kine.

This was a most severe stroke, and so totally discomposed the serenity of my temper, that I was perfectly unfitted for listening to the report Philip was beginning to make of the state of things at home : so telling him that he might leave the history of the pigs and poultry for another time, I dismissed him, and broke open my packet. The letters were four in number. The first was from my steward, containing about twenty weighty and important reasons why he could not forward the full sum I desired, but was obliged to send the purse half at least, or perhaps two-thirds, empty. His twenty reasons might all, however, have been comprised in the first, which was by far the most important and the most conclusive, *viz.* that he had not more money to send. The second dispatch was from Dr. Baldrian, containing the afflicting intelligence that a very respectable member of
our

our physiognomical private academy lay dangerously ill of a tympanum, with scarcely a possibility of recovery. The third treated of a mighty domestic feud which had arisen between my fair cousin and Mrs. Geotrude my housekeeper. The former had made an irruption into my closet, for the desperate purpose of destroying all the silhouettes that hung round the walls, and of breaking to pieces, or otherwise demolishing, all the busts, casts, and bas-reliefs on which she could lay her profane hands. Happily she was dissuaded from her purpose by the eloquence of the latter, who for activity of tongue, it must be confessed, far exceeds even Rembrandt's loquacious maid. The fourth dispatch was a notice from the private academy concerning the solution of a physiognomical problem.

These epistolary documents set a variety of passions in motion within me. The first destroyed my hopes of a journey into Switzerland, which excited my discontent in no small degree. The second

gave me unspeakable concern at the idea of losing a very valuable physiognomical friend. The third humbled me extremely by a suggestion to which it gave rise, and which will be explained by my answer; at the same time that the idea of the meditated destruction of my busts and silhouettes set my gall most powerfully afloat. The fourth would have excited me to laughter, did I not consider any thing which bears the most distant relation to physiognomy as much too sacred and venerable to be made the subject for a laugh. Very soon after dinner I took an opportunity of absenting myself from the company, and taking up my pen wrote the following answers.

LETTER I.

To my Steward Mr. Balthasar Cook.

“ IT had been beyond all comparison more pleasant to me that you had been descended from the great Colbert, though
only

only by a left-handed wife, than that you should be of the unspotted lineage of John Cook of Hailbron, formerly steward to the great Melanchton. Genius still follows genius, notwithstanding the lapse of time. Camerarius may be as eloquent as he pleases upon the virtues of your progenitor, upon the fidelity of his services to his master, and his œconomy in the management of his affairs, without which the man of God had come but poorly off, considering the train of followers by which he was always beset; yet I will venture to assert that the illustrious John could not be a more rigid œconomist than his worthy subgenitor Balthasar.

“ I cannot read without the utmost sympathy, and grief of heart, of the snubs and rebuffs that the blessed Melanchton endured from his steward. Was he inclined to be hospitable, and feed the hungry mouths he saw gaping around him, the fellow grunted and snapped like a wild boar, declaring that his coffer was drained of money. No resource then remained

to the good man, but to take one silver cup after another, presents which had been made him by the great as tokens of respect and admiration; and stealing out with them under his cloak, to dispose of them sily, and unobserved by his gruff monitor, to a Jew or silversmith, by which means he was enabled to fill the stomachs of his empty guests.

“ But the great Colbert ordered these things better. He always had cash at command; and if his master had wished to feast all Christendom, the means would have been instantly forth coming without a murmur or expostulation. Thus did he acquire himself no slight degree of favour with the monarch, while, to the crowd by which that renowned hero, no less than the pious Melanchton, was always surrounded, he was almost an object of adoration. When you reflect then what an agreeable servant Colbert was, and think how much the reverse have been the whole race of the Cooks from Melanchton’s steward down to his descendant

scendant Balthasar, you cannot be surprised that I had rather you had been a descendant of Colbert's, though ever so illegally born, than of the most holy offspring of a Cook.

" 'Tis a poor resource to endeavour, by descanting on the brightness of the ducats you have sent me, and the fullness of their weight, to gloss over the smallness of their number. This gasconade reminds me strongly of a similar one, uttered by the governor of Barcelona, whom the present king of Spain banished because he wanted to obtain possession of his confiscated property. When asked by his sovereign whether he had many soldiers under his command? he answered—" *Few, but good.*" To this the monarch very naturally replied—" *A king of Spain must not only have good soldiers, but many.*" And 'tis precisely the same thing with a traveller, particularly with a physiognomical one; he must not only have good and weighty ducats, but must have them in abundance. Had you been a reader of the Fragments you

would have learned, that of the three things essentially necessary to a traveller, money is the most so.

“ You give me many protestations of your faith and honour. These I never doubted; but if you think them every thing, and hope to save yourself behind the old scripture saying, that no more is required of a steward than that he be found faithful, I must inform you that in these days matters are totally changed. The most essential quality, at present, in a person of this profession is, that he always have plenty of money in the strong box, to answer all his master's calls. Those are now the best stewards on whom the spirit of Colbert rests; and who, like the *corps de genie* of Holofernes, understand how to draw the water away from the citizens of Bethulia, and conduct it by secret channels into their master's cisterns, that he may use it, at his pleasure, either for household purposes or bathing.

“ 'Tis therefore that I consider our financiers as the greatest geniuses of the whole

whole nation. Not those trained up in the chamber, like the plantain in a hot-house; but those who, uneducated to the trade, strike out into some new and bold path—who know how, by excess of diligence and application, constantly to increase the flow of waters through the little rivulet of influx; while they are always complaining of dry weather; and when any one would dip into their well, cry the fountain is exhausted. Yet their master knows that 'tis exhausted only to others, not to himself. Had you applied this state method of financiering to my private affairs, and taken only ready money for the in-comings, while for the out-goings you issued nothing but paper, that is to say, promissory notes, bills at many months' date, and the like, then should I not have sent in vain, but received the sum duly to my order: the which sum I do command be now instantly made up, and forwarded to me at Geroldshheim with all possible expedition. Of this take heed."

LETTER II.

To Mr. Rector Brunold.

“ I LEARN with sincere regret, that since my absence you have been visited with a dreadful sickness, and that small hopes of your recovery can be entertained. You are a wise man; and a wise man, I have often heard, feels no dread of physical evil. You cannot then be visited with any horror at the idea of friend Hain’s bending over your bed to clasp you in close embrace. It was absolute madness in father Artistotle, when he wished to pass for a wise man, not to be ashamed of reviling death as a frightful skeleton—φοβεροτατον φοβεροτατων. Trusting that such terrors are far from disturbing you, I venture to address you on the subject of your approaching dissolution, after the manner of the master of a house taking leave of his guest. When all things are packed up, and the latter is ready to depart,

part, the host has commonly a variety of charges and commissions to deliver; and if they be on a footing of great intimacy and friendship, 'tis odds but he solicit some memorial by which to remember his friend after his departure.

“ I am now exactly in this predicament. Should it be the will of Heaven that you shortly go down to the silent grave, I have two requests to make. The first is, as one of the presidents of our private academy, of which you have been hitherto a very respectable member, that you would bequeath your collection of physiognomical lucubrations, be they finished or unfinished, particularly your Essay upon the Angelic Physiognomy, and your Disquisition on Dr. Schröder's Angel, to the use of the academy, to be enrolled among their archives. Here they will not only become of great public utility, but will be treated with all possible respect; whereas, should they fall into the hands of your heirs and executors, who can say that they might not
be

be made subjects of ridicule. Perhaps a no less tragic fate might await these glorious manuscripts than befel the celebrated John Hevel's astronomical papers. After he had collected them during his life, at the expense of a great deal of time and infinite trouble, at his death they fell into the hands of an heir totally insensible of their value, who sold them all as waste paper. The only remains of them now in existence is the covering of a coffee-board, which is to this day shewn at Dantzick as a great curiosity.

“ You will now shortly stand in the outer court of heaven, and obtain a personal acquaintance among the angels, with whom, in your lectures at the academy, you have entertained us so highly here below. And if Lavater's presumption be true, that the angels in heaven also study physiognomy, and are much better physiognomists than ourselves, which is very probable, since they have physiognomised many thousand years, consequently

quently are so much more experienced in the science than we mortals; added to which, the angelic glance must be much more penetrating than the mortal—I doubt not that in heaven you will remain faithful to the study, and endeavour constantly to extend your physiognomical knowledge under the guidance of celestial instructors. I look upon it as a certainty, that you will receive more benefit from a single lecture above, than from all the hours you have devoted to the Fragments here below: 'tis only to be lamented, that we upon earth cannot reap any advantage from the notes and additions you would soon be enabled to supply to your physiognomical legacy.

“ My second request, though it more immediately concerns myself, has yet some reference to our physiognomical institution. 'Tis one which may be granted without any difficulty; and, though a legacy, will not diminish the inheritance to descend to your heir. When the celebrated Garrick paid the debt of nature, Lord Spencer, in a letter of condolence
to.

to the widow, requested a lock of the quondam Roscius's hair to wear as a lasting memorial of those talents by which in life he had been so much charmed. My request is of a similar nature.

"I intreat, my good friend, that after your decease our worthy physician Dr. Baldrian may be permitted to scalp you. I ask not, like the Iroquois, to be put into possession of the scalp; let that rest with you in the narrow house; I have no concern with it. But I do most earnestly wish to be invested with the bone of the cranium beneath. You know that Lavater, in his fourth volume, advises all friends of the science to make a collection of the skulls of such persons as they have known intimately in life. "I say," he adds, "those whom he has known intimately, since physiognomy must learn, ere it can instruct; and he will thus be best enabled to compare the known with the unknown, the undeniable outward character with the undeniable inward one."

"The proposal is admirable; only there lies a trifling difficulty in the way
of

of carrying it into execution. How can it be possible for a man to obtain a collection of such skulls as have been known to him? Shall he trust to what he procures by means of the sexton from the charnel house? But who can be secure that they are authentic? that they have actually belonged to our former friends? and that the person from whom we received them was neither mistaken, nor has wilfully deceived us, under the idea of an excellent joke? No medium, then, seems to remain for arriving at this collection but by the benevolence of those who will bequeath their skulls to their friends: I have therefore a plan very much at heart, which I mean at my return immediately to lay before my academical colleagues, that all the present and future members of the academy shall, for the benefit of the institution, enter into an agreement to make similar bequests; and thus we shall soon have a sufficient repository of this necessary article; to which all pupils may resort for the advancement of their studies.

Should

114 PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS.

Should my proposal be carried, I would then make a patriotic contribution of your skull as the foundation of the future collection. Comply with me in this instance, and I shall ever be, &c. &c."

LETTER III.

To my fair Cousin.

"WHAT could possess you, madam, with the idea of such a flagrant breach of the peace?—Of storming my room with the fury of a Bacchante, and waging a desperate warfare against my poor defenceless and unarmed busts and silhouettes? Truly, my fair cousin, I cannot conceive what either they or I could have done to warrant such a hostile invasion. Contests with regard to the limits of our respective boundaries, we have never yet had, to the best of my recollection; and, excepting that we live under the same roof, we have nothing in common. Our places of residence are at a sufficient distance

tance from each other, and amply separated by a thick party-wall, and strong locks and bolts. I readily yielded up to you the most unbounded authority over your part of my house, and expected in return that you would never presume to encroach beyond it, or endeavour to exercise any command in my division.

“ When Sophy made her first visit to you, at her departure you looked after her as a pious Carthusian looks after a heretic who, he thinks, has profaned the sacred asylum of his cloister with his unholy footsteps. This the lovely creature related to me with tears in her charming eyes, when, 'tis true, I was not very well satisfied with your behaviour ; but I suppressed my anger, and, placing all to the account of your virgin purity, only made a fixed resolution that the fair unfortunate should never more enter your vestal sanctuary. How then can you allow yourself to pass our boundaries in hostile array, and enter my domains as an enemy's country ?

“ Tell

“ Tell me, fair cousin, by what manner of spirit art thou inspired? Certainly the troubled shade of the Iconoclastic Doctor Abedarius, otherwise known by the name of Andrew Bodenstein of Carlstadt, hovers around thee. Or, if thou hast chosen the church history for thy autumnal reading, Heaven be merciful to me when thou comest to the life of the ungodly enthusiast Thomas Munzer; for then wilt thou doubtless entertain me with an insurrection of my peasants! But whatsoever evil gnome may have shaken his poison over thee, I would willingly pardon him, did thy furious enthusiasm only turn the besom against the originals of my collection of silhouettes; for they have on sundry occasions given me so much cause of offence, that I could be glad of revenge through the medium of some third hand. But it were hard indeed that the vengeance should fall on the innocent shades.

“ And may I ask what wrongs you have ever received from these shades?—or, still more, in what have the busts sinned against

against you, that so severe an expiation was required?—You honour the memory of the philosopher of Ferney, as well as that of his contemporary, the citizen of Geneva, and never have exclaimed with Formey, “*J’ai toi, Jean Jacques !*” When I consider how near this collection of celebrated heads were to being mingled in one common mass of ruins in my room, as their originals lie mouldering together in the grave—how the gods and heroes of antiquity, together with those substantives in the grammar of human nature of various nations, whom we esteem the honour of modern times, were doomed to be swept away by the besom of destruction in the hand of an infuriated female—Heavens! how my soul is fired with indignation! Yes, thou keen-eyed Voltaire, thou thick-necked Vitellius, thou benignant Rousseau, thou enchanting Niobe, thou gigantic Apollo, thou celestial Venus, thou divine Homer, thou sapient Pallas, thou negotiating Doctor Franklin, thou furious Rolando, thou visionary Laver-

ter, ye triumvirate of shoemakers, Hans Sachs, Jacob Boehm, and Peter Menadie, thou vast-eared Silenus, thou eloquent Laocoon, thou wild and unshackled genius Shakespear, thou unclothed Ganymede, thou austere Cato, and thou, too, my own loved bust clad in the costume of ancient Rome, had ye been crushed together in one common Olla-podrida, my rage would have been transported beyond all bounds. So fiercely, indeed, would the torch of revenge have been lighted up in my heart, that all my intellectual energies could scarcely have restrained me from burning in that flame, the testamentary record which some time ago, upon a sick bed, I made in favour of her who had been the occasion of your fall.

“ I was much inclined to find some excuse for your meditated attempt, in the faults of temper incidental to your sex, when they have not been so fortunate as to be joined early in life in the holy bonds of wedlock; since an accurate observer of mankind long ago remarked, that a female

male who appeared at seventeen one of the gentlest and mildest of her sex, if still a virgin at thirty, would probably be transformed into a sour and severe vestal; and, in ten years more, might perhaps degenerate into a down-right fury. But, however strong my inclination to practise lenity towards circumstances so unfortunate, I have not been able to deceive myself with any shadow of a pretence for the outrage. Had the fair youth Ganymede impertinently sought to thrust himself into some corner of the house sacred to you alone, there to have offended your chaste eyes with his birthday figure, I will readily allow that you had been justified in seeking the most exemplary vengeance for his audacity; and if, in the first ebullitions of indignation, that vengeance had even fallen indiscriminately upon the whole range of casts, though I might have mourned the tragedy, I could not have censured the feeling.

“ But hold.—In reading once more the charges brought against you, my attention was arrested by a particular passage

sage, which had before been scarcely observed. This has most unexpectedly furnished me with a clue to the whole affair. I there learn that the four volumes of Fragments, which have cost me so much money, were destined to a like fate as was inflicted by the Bohemian court upon the imperial ambassadors. Yes, I learn that the whole collected works of Lavater were destined to the stake, as the holy inquisition deals with hardened Jews and heretics.

“ Happily for me, however, these sacred volumes, as if possessed with a secret foreboding of the impending storm, had taken shelter in the academy ere it burst over their heads. Yet the circumstance gives me sufficient reason to fear that, instead of the church history, you had been reading the wonderful achievements of that valorous knight Don Quixotte of La Mancha; and, taking hints from the conduct of his niece, had purposed to execute a like court of purgation over the treasures of my closet, as she exercised over her uncle’s.

“ And

“ And think you then that the study of physiognomy has turned my brain as the study of Amadis de Gaul turned the knight’s? I doubt not, indeed, that the slanderous tongues of my neighbours have been exercised with great freedom upon the subject of my secret journey, as if I had sallied forth in quest of adventures. Who knows what silly comparisons have been made to my cost, some or all of which may have reached your ears? But that concerns me little: I console myself with the true and nervous position of the Mettenberg Demosthenes, the worthy parson Imhof, that calumny like a hedge-hog sticks to every thing! It sticks to man, to angels, to the holy sacrament, nay even to the God of heaven himself.

“ Then why should I hope to escape her tongue? But you should be wiser than to foster these insinuations by intemperance and indiscretion, and rather by publicly contradicting, and refuting, them endeavour to deprive them of their power. If the village-barber have lost

his bason, 'tis no fault of mine; my brain, thank God, is not yet so disturbed as that I have taken it for a helmet. My physiognomy besides is a pure whole; every part is homogeneous to the other, all is properly organised, no patching or botching can be traced in it that give an impression of folly; still less is the foundation line of my forehead shorter by two-thirds than its perpendicular height, as was the case with that of the knight of La Mancha.

“ Banish then from your mind this bust-destroying humour, and believe that you have totally mistaken the occasion of my journey. I know well how difficult it is when once you have embraced any prejudice to persuade you to quit your hold. You are like pease sown in a north wind, which, as you probably are sensible, never will soften in cooking. But you know that obstinacy is a family failing, and perhaps I have it in as full or even fuller perfection than yourself. Think well on all this, and so I remain, &c.”

LETTER IV.

To the Secretary of the Physiognomical Academy.

“FROM the academical notice you conveyed to me I perceive that Meffner has taken a very curious method of eluding the examination before the physiognomical institute, by proposing an experiment which he hopes will turn their attention wholly away from himself. To shew a queen bee so scientifically, that, by means of a solar microscope, her silhouëtte may be taken with perfect accuracy, by which a clue will be furnished for discovering the proper and decided contour of royalty.

“If I consider the attention of the society to every thing that may promote the knowledge and extension of the science as highly commendable, and send my friendly greetings to all and every of the gentlemen, upon their zeal to delve into its

profoundest mysteries, yet must I also express my earnest wish that they would weigh well the comparative importance of taking off the beard of a queen bee, with the examination of a physiognomy that may eventually prove a criminal of great magnitude. I am, notwithstanding, extremely curious to know whether the fellow be really so dexterous with his razor as to be capable of performing what he promises. This were indeed as much a master-stroke in his trade, as it was in that of an inventor of shows, to train six fleas, and harness them to a little waxen carriage driven by a gnat.

But, to confess the truth, as far as I may be allowed any judgment in a matter certainly out of my own province, I should conceive that there cannot be a more awkward instrument for taking the hair from the head or body of a bee than a razor. The good Lavater has, by a strange association, gone quite astray in his ideas with regard to bees, as is proved

proved by the Berlin bee-master, in his criticisms upon the physiognomical Fragments. Had the Züricher been aware that what he considered as hair, is in reality wool or feathers, he would hardly have fallen upon the droll idea of shaving. And had he not been misled by the figurative name of a queen bee, but had she been called by the proper title of the bee-mother, he had never defaced his paper with the futile speculation of taking a thorn bee as the standard for royal physiognomy.

“ That the power of association will sometimes produce strange phantoms in the brain, is a fact too notorious to be disputed, and is proved, among other things, by a late speculation of the celebrated physiognomist Francheville's, who endeavours to prove from the form and figure of the shield in which our arms are quartered, that it owes its origin to the old Roman shoe. Had the illustrious shoemaker Baldwin, in his treatise upon Roman shoes, suggested this strange idea, it had been very pardonable. But

a respectable member of a celebrated academy, and the celebrated author of one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of genius, should have been cautious not to expose thus palpably the weak side of his understanding.

“ As to what concerns the queen bee, who among the list of mighty potentates, holds about as high a rank as the queen of Formosa, I am firmly of opinion that you will learn as little of the true royal contour from her silhouette, as from that of the hedge-king*, or any of the mineral kings, as the *Regulus Antimonii*, or the copper-king†. Rather would I take the king at nine-pins as a subject for studying the royal physiognomy, since his innate power over all that surround him is obvious at the first glance, inasmuch as, like king Saul, or the queen bee, he is a head taller than any of his people.

* The Wren, which is called in German the *Hedge king*—*Transl.*

† That part of the copper which in proving sinks to the bottom of the pot.—*Adelung's Dict.*

“ Yet

“ Yet it were, perhaps, worth while for some member of the academy, to examine minutely the several elements that compose the physiognomy of the queen bee, since, though it may not be a guide to ascertaining the true lines of the royal physiognomy, yet, in my opinion, no subject can be more interesting to an ardent votary of the science than the insect kingdom. Some decisive characteristics of genius might, undoubtedly, be drawn from the contour of the bee, since who will deny those animals to be among the greatest of mathematical geniuses, as witness the exact hexagonal form of their cells. Or, perhaps, it may ascertain the character of fertility, since who does not know that the queen bee is the universal mother of her whole nation; not merely in the figurative sense that every king is the father of his people, though, perhaps in a literal sense, kings may often be the fathers of a considerable number of their subjects, but that she really, and in fact, is the single female in the hive.

“ One word more, and I have done. Should Meffner’s razor not perform the promised operation to general satisfaction, I can suggest another mode of disposing of her majesty’s beard, which has this advantage over Meffner’s, that it has been proved, and found successful. The honour of the invention is to be ascribed wholly and solely to a young damsel here, the daughter of my worthy host. As she and I were physiognomising together a few days ago, I happened accidentally to lament with Lavater, the roughness and imperfections of the royal bee-chief’s contour. That may easily be remedied, said the young lady, and instantly impaling one of these animals upon a very long needle, as the cook impales a leg of mutton upon the spit, she twirled it three or four times through the flame of a wax taper, till the contour became as smooth as ever was chin, when just emancipated from the hands of the most dexterous tonfor. But this, perhaps, may be a knack scarcely less difficult to attain than the other.

“ Farewell.

“ Farewell. I hope soon in person to embrace all my brother academicians, and to convince them that I have not been an idle labourer in the vineyard. In the meantime, let me recommend that particular care be taken not to suffer the academical copy of the Fragments to get into other hands than those of an associate. Wicked spirits roam abroad ; 'tis necessary to be on our guard. Friendly greetings attend you all.”

CHAP. VI.

Hints to Parents who have marriageable Daughters.

WHEN I had concluded my dispatches, I found that the barometer of my temper, which, at the receipt of the letters, had fallen to very bad weather, began somewhat to rise again. I had written my mind into serenity, and it was therefore better attuned for accepting my friend's invitation to take up my abode at Geroldsheim some time longer. This, indeed, was extremely convenient for me, since it was impossible to proceed on my meditated journey into Switzerland till I had received the additional supply of ducats required of my steward.

In the mean time, sufficient matter was furnished for the exercise of my speculative

Speculative powers, by a certain fermentation I observed in the minds of the three principal inhabitants of the castle. The fact was very obvious from their respective physiognomies; but, notwithstanding the most unwearied investigation, the cause had hitherto eluded my researches. Clear, however, as it was that the harmonic unison between father, mother, and daughter, was by no means perfect, but was interrupted by many discordant tones, and since an ill-tuned instrument has no charms for my ear, I had spent many a tedious wearisome hour in their company, not at all to my satisfaction.

Sportler looked as stiff and solemn as if engaged in a criminal process; and, while his dearer half oft endeavoured by a smile, or a caress, to remove the cloud from his brow, he repressed them both with equal coldness. Charlotte, the lovely blooming Charlotte, drooped like a rose on a sultry day, when thunder clouds gather around the horizon. Her beautiful eyes had for some days sparkled no
 G 6 more,

more, but, as the moon in a clear summer's night, cast around only pale and feeble rays. When a penetrating glance met those eyes, they were instantly cast bashfully down, and she began adjusting some part of her dress to conceal her embarrassment. At the same time, this evident anguish of soul, these struggles between passion and sensibility, added so unspeakably to the power of her charms, that she made a much deeper impression upon my heart than before, nor could I forbear so far sympathising with her, that once I even groaned aloud. This so alarmed the whole company, that the gloomy scene was instantly at an end, and the Sportlerian trio became much more alive and animated for the rest of the day.

If it be not the part of a man of honour to pry into family-secrets, and to interfere impertinently in the concerns of others, yet, tormented as I was with daily witnessing this gloom and dejection, I resolved to take the first opportunity of gently reproving my friend for his reserve,

serve, and asking why he was so unkind as to let day after day pass on without allowing me to participate in the affair to which he had alluded. Nor was it long before an occasion presented itself, extremely fortunate for my purpose. We had been shooting; and as I grew weary of running about the fields, I sat myself down under a tree, and began to meditate on the proper way of introducing my inquiries. When 'tis become necessary to administer a bitter potion to a patient, a wise practitioner will always endeavour to give it at least a fair exterior. On this subject I generally avail myself of my physician Dr. Baldrian's experience. Some time ago when I was ill, and he ordered me a medicine to which I had a particular aversion, he bade the apothecary make it into pills, and roll them in wafer paper, and thus they went down glibly and without my making so much as a single wry face. It happened, accidentally, that I had a book of Charlotte's in my pocket, which taking out, I began

I began to turn over the leaves, when, much beyond my expectation, it furnished me with the wafer paper.

As Sportler came from the field, and perceived me employed in reading, he accosted me with an inquiry, whether I found that a pleasanter occupation than shooting? "I generally find it so," said I; "but at present I am not pleased with my book: the dunce of an author has given me perfect disgust. He has painted ideal charms in the world which I by no means find realised, since he represents men as everywhere and at all times cheerful and happy; a position, of the falsehood of which I am daily more and more convinced."

Sportler took me by the hand with considerable emotion: "I understand you," said he: "Your penetrating eye has discovered that some secret trouble, which I cannot shake off, preys upon my soul. I should be sorry if I thought it had infringed upon the rights of hospitality."

"Not

“Not so, my friend,” said I; “but since I have beheld melancholy pervading every countenance in your house, my heart has been oppressed, as though it were squeezed beneath the screw of a bookbinder. Judge then how much I participate in whatever gives you concern; and, if it be not wholly repugnant to your heart, make me a partaker in your sorrows. I trust you will find that ’tis to pour them into the bosom of consolation; nor have I any doubts, by the secrecy I shall observe, if required, of convincing you that my breast is not like a cask full of holes.”

He sighed.—I saw that the secret hovered on his lips, and wanted but a little thrust more, fully and fairly to come out. I therefore proceeded; “If I am not greatly mistaken, some domestic calamity is the cause of this lowering aspect. When I perceive symptoms of hypochondriacism in a man of your constitution, whose countenance bears no appearance of disease, and whose situation and fortune are such as to preclude the supposition

tion of any deficiency in the necessaries, or even the comforts of life, some other cause for the phænomenon must be sought. I cannot suppose that your clothes sit uneasily upon you, or that your shoe secretly pinches, since these are inconveniences that a few words would remove: I can only conjecture, in short, that you have involved yourself in difficulties by some rash oath which burns within you, and which you have not spirit either to disclose or break.

“Some persons meet with many rubs and disagreeable occurrences in the way of their business; but these in general as little discompose the inward serenity of their minds as zeal in the pulpit makes a preacher thin. Let the heavens be clouded round about, and storms and tempests threaten from without doors, a man heeds this little if the weather be but fair under his own roof, especially round the horizon of his nuptial bed. But does it thunder and lighten there; or, in plain terms, if his domestic peace and wedded

wedded happiness be interrupted, this cannot long be supported with equanimity of soul, unless indeed he be of the temperament of a chopping-block, or be armed, like the wise Socrates, with the umbrella of invariable placidity, to defend himself against the hurricanes by which he is assailed. Yet, as the case of the Grecian sage is not a common one, the more usual process is, that these matrimonial tempests foster the germs of hypochondriacism, which are uniformly deposited in every human heart, though not in equal quantities, till at length they grow up to such maturity, and gain such strength as entirely to choak and ruin the soil.

“ Pardon me, my friend, 'tis a delicate matter to make any observations upon the wife of a neighbour, seeing that she is, or ought to be, his better half; yet, unless I am much deceived, I think I have remarked that the wedded partner of your heart possesses many qualities in common with the celebrated author,

and

and ex-advocate of parliament, Linguet. Besides being blessed with an equally commanding eloquence, like him she seems endued with the amiable and conciliating gift of differing in opinion from the rest of mankind upon almost any subject that can be started. In one thing only she appears very far behind him, in the art of making a bad affair seem good; though she is apparently quite at home in that of making a plain thing appear crooked. But in nothing does she seem more practised than in seeing every thing in a different light from her husband, and in endeavouring to warm his head by the spirit of contradiction that inspires her own. Now tell me sincerely, am I not right?"

"Nearly so," he replied; "and since you have drawn me into this conversation, I will own that I feel myself in a very unpleasant situation with respect to my wife. I cannot lay open my heart to her, cannot share with her all my cares and sorrows, nor ask her advice as a confidential friend in my private concerns.

She

She always makes up her mind too hastily, and is so headstrong that she will not bear the least contradiction in her opinion; thus are our consultations soon ended—indeed—to own the truth—they have been for some time wholly laid aside. Our common rights have been formally divided into two separate departments; she rules in the kitchen, I in the cellar; all the moveables in the house are under her regulation, every thing fixed and immoveable is under mine. Yet, notwithstanding all my care, awkward collisions will sometimes arise, when, of course, each side is desirous of establishing the matter in their own way.”

“Mortifying enough,” said I, “when a man cannot lay open his heart to what ought to be his heart’s dearest treasure. The case you state, my friend, resembles that of two people who, after having been long partners in business, should separate, when the custom that formerly belonged to them jointly, must necessarily be divided. Hence arises eternal emulation and animosity between them, each striving

striving to draw the neighbours and customers away from the shop of his former brother into his own. Yet, since you are, alas! thus unhappily circumstanced, 'tis but the more necessary that you should have recourse to some other friend, into whose sympathising bosom you can pour out the sorrows by which your own is oppressed. Tell me, then, how many friends can you number in whose honesty and integrity you think you could confide?"

The good man startled, as indeed I had often before made him start at my interrogatories. That was a question, he said, he was perfectly unable to answer; it had never come into his head to reckon them up like the *florum latronum*.

MYSELF.

How?—You cannot ascertain the number of your friends? Tell me, then, how many horses have you?

SPORTLER.

Four draught horses, and one saddle horse.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

And how many head of horned cattle may occupy your stalls?

SPORTLER.

Seven milch cows, and the like number of oxen.

MYSELF.

And how many sheep are fatting in your pastures?

SPORTLER.

According to the charter of the district, the chief magistrate is allowed to feed eighty sheep upon the common. Besides this, every village within the jurisdiction is obliged to furnish a fat wether annually, for the use of his table, making in the whole twelve sheep.

MYSELF.

In these calculations, then, you seem to find no difficulty; and shall a man be better able to number his cattle and sheep than his friends? The wise heathen Cicero was in the right when he complained to the admirable Scipio, that mankind were so much more anxious to
compute

compute their wealth in sheep and goats, than to ascertain with whom among their brethren they might safely maintain a confidential intercourse. Yet of how much greater real importance is it to be able to reckon on the fingers, I have so many friends, than so many cows or oxen.

SPORTLER.

Could the wise old philosopher Cicero think of uttering such folly?—Impossible! It has long ago been hissed out of every school. Is it in any man's power to affirm decidedly of another, "*This is my friend,*" as he does of a beast, "*this is my ox?*" A real wary philosopher would say, "*I consider this man as my friend, because he has in such and such instances proved himself so.*" But who can see into the heart of his neighbour to investigate his thoughts? And have we not sometimes found real unknown friends, who, by acts of kindness, have assisted us in overcoming difficulties, in which we have been involved through the insidious arts of those who, by false professions of good-

good-will, have given us reason to suppose that they felt deeply interested in our welfare. Such instances have not been uncommon in the world; and who then, endued with no more than mortal knowledge, shall pretend to say that such a man is, and such is not, sincerely attached to me. No, no; if we must compare our friends to any kind of domestic animals, let it not be to our sheep, our goats, or our cattle, but to our pigeons. No one can say to a certainty how many of them he has in his dove-cote, since they fly hither and thither, and are one man's property to-day, and his neighbour's, or perhaps his enemy's, the next. Thus it is with our friends, with whose nature and qualities Ovid was much better acquainted from experience, than Cicero from all his air-built theories.

MYSELF.

Alas, poor Tully! He is hard pressed indeed, and I feel not in myself sufficient power to procure his release. The illustrious orator has put forth many other absurdities, which, under the firm of Master

ter Grotius and his colleagues, pass for wisdom. I grant, that among the Romans it might be folly for a man to think of numbering his friends like his sheep; but 'tis otherwise with us, since we see with more penetrating eyes. Physiognomy were but a bell without a clapper, did it not lead to the knowledge of mankind; and of what worth were the knowledge of mankind did it not serve as a guide to ascertaining, with perfect precision, who is, and who is not, our friend. Of you, therefore, as of a brother in the science, I may fairly ask, how many friends you have, and expect a categorical answer?

SPORTLER.

My wants and wishes in this respect are so moderate, that I am satisfied with a single friend, to whom I can unbosom the feelings of my heart without reserve. Such a one I believe I have found in you. Tell me, am I mistaken?

I embraced him earnestly, and assured him that he should not find his confidence misplaced. He seemed moved, and ready

to pour forth his inmost soul. Hastening, therefore, to avail myself of this disposition, I quitted the by-path, into which we had strayed, and returning to the high-road of our conversation—"What," said I, "may have occasioned the present discrepance between you and your wedded partner?"

SPORTLER.

A certain affair, upon which my wife has chosen to pass sentence in her forum, after it had received a totally different decision in mine. But, according to appearance, my daughter Charlotte, whom this matter principally concerns, means to make an appeal to paternal affection against the verdict both of father and of mother. This renders the process so extremely intricate, that I see no way out of the labyrinth. I find my heart's repose disturbed every way, and must intreat you to assist me with your friendly counsel.

MYSELF.

As far as I understand, from these preliminaries, the question relates to an af-

fair of marriage, in which my advice, as a batchelor, I fear will not be of much value. Nevertheless, I am ready to give my sentiments with perfect freedom and unreserve, provided you will favour me with a full and fair statement of the case.

SPORTLER.

That will I readily. My daughter, you must know, is the only fruit of my first marriage, and the very image of her mother. For eight years did that mother and I live together in uninterrupted wedded happiness, at least as far as it be possible for me to make a woman happy. But I must confess, that I was always a cold lover, though a tolerable husband, a warm friend, and an affectionate father. My second marriage has not been so fortunate. The ill-humours of the step-mother have given me many a heart-ache, though, for the sake of domestic quiet, I have not always defended my poor child so strenuously as I ought. If ever I happened accidentally to mention my deceased wife with regret, so surely did the offence light on the head of her daughter;

ter; and, innocent as the girl was, on such provocation she was uniformly made to feel the weight of a mother-in-law's correcting hand.

MYSELF.

That is not surprising. Such has been the custom among all step-mothers, even from the days of Madam Juno to the present hour. On that account, father Homer, to preserve the proper costume of the character, has, in the twenty-first book of the Iliad, made the Queen of Olympus give the chaste Diana a terrible box on the ear; unless the poet has been misunderstood by his commentators.

SPORTLER.

To release my daughter as soon as possible from this severe subordination, by providing her with a husband, was always my fixed intention. I therefore proposed to my cousin Anthony, a respectable wine-merchant, at Werthheim, who has an only son, a youth of excellent promise, to unite our children in marriage. He was extremely pleased with the pro-

posal; and as my daughter has a pretty considerable property, inherited from her mother, very readily consented to give an adequate portion to his son. Thus every thing was soon arranged, even the time for the marriage fixed, and the guests to be invited agreed upon. But all was done in such perfect secrecy, that neither my wife nor daughter knew a word about the matter, by which I hoped to avoid the nonsensical fiddle-faddles with which women are apt to interpose upon such occasions.

Well! the approaching Saint Martin's day, the anniversary of my daughter's baptism, was fixed for the springing this mine; and it was agreed that the intended bridegroom should then be introduced to his future bride, on pretence of a visit to the house merely as a relation. By this means we hoped that he would not only gain the maiden's favour, but the mother's also. The former I considered as an innocent child, totally ignorant in affairs of the heart, so that I had no apprehensions

prehenfions of difficulty with her; and I trusted that, by not introducing my son-in-law at once in the character of a fuitor, the matter might be fo managed as to make my wife think the match entirely her own making; which I knew was the only method of averting all danger of opposition from her. I was well aware, that should she get the leaft idea of its being my contriving, she would ufe all poffible arts to circumvent it.

But, however well arranged, this plan is now thwarted by the moft perverse accident in the world. For fome years a friend of mine has been in the habit of vifiting frequently at the houfe, a lively pleafant man, by name Druschling, principal auditor of the troops of Anfpach.

MYSELF.

I understand. The gentleman in the white cloak, whom I faw on my arrival at Geroldfheim.

SPORTLER.

The fame. Not many days ago I received a written propofal for a marriage between him and my daughter. It was

sent through the hands of my wife, with whom I found he had secretly been carrying on his suit for some time; and matters were in no less forwardness between them than between cousin Anthony and myself. I was also given to understand that my opposition to the matter would not be regarded; that my wife considered her daughter-in-law as among the moveables in the house, consequently as belonging to the department of which she, according to stipulation, was to be sole manager. In vain did I urge the mighty difference *inter personas et res*; she would by no means admit the distinction, but insisted that Charlotte was a moveable, consequently under her jurisdiction.

MYSELF.

Poor Charlotte!—So she was not even to be allowed a vote in the business.

SPORTLER.

But this is not all. I am afraid the good pastor of the place has gotten like suitoring fancies into his head. I have intercepted a letter that came from the parsonage, directed to my daughter, written

ten in a very tender sentimental style. He laments, in most pathetic strains, that the lovely moon does not now illumine the evening hours with her silvery rays, but first begins to shed her paly lustre o'er the earth, at the dead and silent hour of midnight, when ghosts and spectres stalk abroad, since he has an affair of deep importance to communicate to the lovely maiden, on the event of which may hang her future bliss or woe during her pilgrimage though this vale of tears. He conjures her by all that is sacred to listen to no proposals respecting her future destination in life, before the revolving orb of night shall again have reached that point in heaven's azure vault, when their lunar devotions can be renewed. At that period, he says, in the presence alone of the Almighty Father of the universe, he has a confession to make to her that can only escape his lips in some remote and shadow grove, amid the soothing and encouraging glimmer of the moon through the verdant foliage.

MYSELF.

A letter indeed that could scarcely fail to win a maiden's heart.

SPORTLER.

There's the very matter. I am afraid that this ecclesiastical night-bird should, by his sentimental nonsense, turn the girl's head, and make her as sentimental as himself. And I know not of any thing worse that could happen; for sentimental girls are like must in barrels, and defy all the hoops and iron bands of obedience and parental authority. But in the meanwhile, since there is *periculum in mora*, it seems to me not advisable to defer my daughter's nuptials to the next change of the moon; for, though the correspondence is intercepted for the present, who knows what may happen. I therefore wish for your opinion, how best to get out of the scrape, and accomplish my purpose without coming to an open and absolute breach with my wife.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

'Tis a nice and critical matter indeed, and should be well considered. But before all things it appears necessary that the young lady's own inclinations should be consulted.

The father started. This idea seemed to him, who was not quite so much at home in conducting an affair of love as a criminal process, quite new and out of the question. "No, no," said he: "that would be going a strange way to work indeed, to puzzle the girl's head with considering which she likes best. A daughter who has proper notions of her duty, will never think but of resigning herself entirely to the will of her parents, and of contenting herself with the lot they draw for her."

"Oh, father! oh, murderer!" I involuntarily exclaimed, with a zeal that overpowered me, "would you sacrifice your innocent child as the butcher slays the harmless lamb, and let the first purchaser that wishes to gratify his palate feast upon her flesh? Indeed, my friend, you are

such a novice in the management of love affairs, that you are not yet out of your A, B, C. Who can answer that the heart of a grown-up daughter has never felt the soft sensations of love? How if Charlotte, on whose lip hovers the soft breath of gentle sympathetic feeling, have already anticipated her father's plan, and disposed of her heart herself? How, if some worthy noble-minded youth, whose life or death hangs on the possession of her, breathes out secret sighs to Heaven to render you propitious to his wishes? Could you, would you be so barbarous, as to violate the sanctuary of a first and ardent passion? Would not your soul be rent with anguish, were you thus to drive an enthusiastic lover to despair, perhaps to suicide? What a heart-breaking sight would it be to behold his grave every time you enter the church-yard at Geroldsheim? Would you not be eternally haunted by his shadow? Such instances are not rare in our days. Every father who has a daughter, at years of maturity, should weigh these things well; and before

fore he rashly disposes of her should, for the security of his own conscience, investigate these matters truly and faithfully, nor attempt to impose a yoke upon her, perhaps both to his own and her eternal ruin."

He looked at me with perfect astonishment, as if doubtful whether I were serious or in jest. My doctrines and ideas were so wholly foreign to his own, that he knew not what to reply. I therefore proceeded :

" Since the sentimental world seems to you, of all the unknown classes of beings beneath the sun, the most so : I can even suppose that you may never have heard of the celebrated Werther."

SPORTLER.

Werther ! Werther !—Yes, the name does not seem wholly strange to me. Where does he live ?

MYSELF.

He lives not any where. His mouldering corpse rests between two limes, whither it was driven for the sake of a

Charlotte. Mark that, my friend! You too have a Charlotte; beware, the name is ominous. But, if the name of Werther be scarcely known to you, how much less can I hope to find you acquainted with those of a Sontheim, an Adolphus, or a Tellow, who all suffered and died for the girls they loved, and for whom the girls endured no less in return. Before you expose your daughter to sale, for marriages made by the parents, without the consent of the young people, are but mercantile contracts, at least read Adolphus's letters, the Essay towards a history of love, the Fragment of the history of an enamoured youth, the Fragment of the history of tenderness, and the other *συναπογραφα* of our literary Teniers and Ostades, by whatever names distinguished. You must know that sentimentalists love Fragments as well as physiognomists, nor have I any doubt that in time all the knowledge and science in the world will be melted down into Fragments. This appears to me the more probable, since even my steward,

Balthasar

Balthasar Cook by name, a perfectly un-sentimental and unphysiognomical soul, is seized with this Fragment *mania*, and has, in consequence, sent me only a Fragment of the supply of money I required from him. But this by the way.

Read, I entreat you, the books I have mentioned, wherein you will find the rights of a first love placed in the most striking and forcible points of view. They are mirrors into which all parents ought to look, who would play the tyrant over their children, particularly their daughters, in concerns of the heart. There will you be taught what burdens they have drawn upon their consciences, who have spurned a worthy and honourable son-in-law from their doors, perhaps to make way for a titled villain. How they have driven both the lovers to despair and death, or worse, to vice and infamy; or how the daughter, whose advancement in life was their object and aim, has perhaps fallen a victim to vices not her own, and, instead of living to a venerable old age, and beholding a race of lovely blooming descendants flourishing around her,
has

has sunk miserably into the grave, even in the prime of life, leaving behind her two or three wretched infants, the offspring of disease and misery, probably to follow her fate ere they attain to years of maturity. At best, the fruits of a constrained marriage can be only weakly ricketty children; subject, perhaps, all their lives, to gout, to epilepsy, or some of the worst chronical maladies incidental to mortals.

Sportler listened with attention to this pathetic oration; and I observed that it did not appear to remain wholly inactive within him, but rather to be operating powerfully, like Glauber's wonder-working salts. He sunk into deep reflection, and seemed to turn the canvas round and round, this way and that, to take it in every possible point of view. After we had proceeded some two or three hundred paces in silence, he stood still and resumed the conversation.

SPORTLER.

What you have said, my friend, though I am yet doubtful whether 'tis meant seriously

seriously or as joke, deserves attention. Your axioms are to me new, and strange. I did not follow them in marrying myself, yet my marriages, all things considered, both turned out tolerably well; so, being unacquainted with any other system, I thought of following the old one also, in disposing of my daughter. Never did it enter my head in the case of either of my wives, that I could possibly be the means of breaking off an earlier attachment; and in this happy ignorance I have, God be thanked, had healthy fine children.

My deceased wife was the daughter of my predecessor in office, with whom I was associated in his declining years, to take the principal weight of business from his shoulders. As I was in want of a mistress for my family, I mentioned the subject to my superior, requesting his daughter in marriage, and obtained her without difficulty. I supposed her heart as wholly free and disengaged as my own, and trusted that we should love each other as husband and wife, in the full measure

measure designed by him who ordained the marriage tie. We lived eight years very comfortably together. At her death I remained, according to form, a widower for a complete year ; and then, having lamented her loss as long as was proper, I resolved to marry again. I saw my present wife at a fair at Neustadt, and thought she would suit my purpose very well, so, as her father came hither soon after upon business, I opened my mind to him over a bottle. The affair was immediately concluded, without the maiden's consent being asked, and in a month she became my wife. She bore me two sons, stout healthy boys, and though she was thirty years of age when I married her, consequently was old enough, and, according to appearance, was of a temperament to have had many love affairs upon her hands, yet my children give me no reason to suppose that I had been the means of breaking off any other connection. Neither have I ever observed any appearance of a secret sorrow preying upon her heart that threatened

ened to terminate in consumption. She weighed - only a hundred and thirteen pounds when she came into my house, but on her last birth-day, turned the scale at a hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

The right that my two fathers-in-law exercised over their daughters I thought I had a right to exercise over mine. Neither her own mother nor her step-mother were allowed a vote when they were to be disposed of; and for this reason, I arranged the present business with cousin Anthony, without an idea that it would be right to mention it first to Charlotte. And if a third person had not stepped in and spoiled the sport, all had gone on peaceably in the old way, and I had never thought of any body's calling in question the legality of the procedure. Nay, I can't now understand how a virtuous and obedient daughter can engage in a love affair before it be sanctioned by the proper authority. 'Tis an established maxim that children are to be classed as property, not persons, consequently they
can

can have no right to dispose of their own hearts.

MYSELF.

And 'tis for that reason that Mrs. Sportler reckons your daughter among the moveables, over which she, by mutual compact, has the *dominium directum*.

This unforeseen consequence, which I threw directly across my companion's path, embarrassed him exceedingly. He hesitated, as if seeking arguments for the refutation of my position ; but since none occurred, he drew himself out of the difficulty by an equivocal nod of the head, and went on as if the thread of his discourse had never been interrupted :

“ Among us,” says he, “ 'tis a custom that every body marries into a benefice, without being liable to the reproach of coming into it by apron strings. The daughter of a clergyman is considered of course as the wife of his successor, and would be regarded as a disgrace to her sex were she to form any
other

other expectations than of succeeding to the situation of her mother. She knows her destination at once, and in silence waits the day and hour when 'tis to be accomplished. Sentimental love is a term the meaning of which she scarcely comprehends. Yet these ecclesiastical unions are commonly productive of great happiness to the parents, and their fruits are strong and thrifty suckers that grow and thrive like tobacco plants."

MYSELF.

That may have been the case in the times of your mother or grandmother, but I doubt much whether in these more enlightened days such a barbarous custom still prevails. The burning lava of sentimental love had not then rolled on its fiery course so far as to the shores of the eastern ocean, although it rushes forward impetuously like the torrents from Etna and Vesuvius. But other times, other customs. The more righteous advocates of modern days have emancipated daughters from this paternal despotism, and asserted the trembling creatures' right to the

the territory of their own hearts. These they are now considered as at full liberty to dispose of at will, without the interposition of fathers, guardians, or god-fathers. Nor is this idea wholly new. So well was the right understood in times much prior to those when the custom you mention prevailed, that the cunning fathers, to render it nugatory, devised the trick of contracting their children in their infancy, before they had knowledge or understanding to assert their rights. Thus King Andreas of Hungary sent his daughter, in a silver cradle, to Lewis of Thuringia, apprehensive lest if the alliance had been deferred till the babe could speak, his darling project might have been entirely disappointed.

Had you done the same, and sent your Charlotte in her cradle to cousin Anthony, I should have had nothing to say against the contract. But 'tis now too late; we cannot play the same game with a daughter of eighteen years old as with one of only eighteen weeks. Notwithstanding the six great sins which the law-giving

giving Brahmins have determined to be inherent in the nature of women, and which almost preclude the possibility of virtue, I hold your damsel to be a good and amiable child, and esteem you happy in the possession of such a treasure; I would, nevertheless, be far from eager at hazarding an oath that no youth had yet made an impression upon her heart. 'Tis therefore my advice, given in perfect friendship and confidence, that you inform the lovely creature of your wishes and intentions, and learn her sincere and undisguised sentiments upon the matter. What virgin modesty would restrain her lips from uttering, her physiognomy, which cannot be mistaken, will freely confess. You know well that the Gordian knot of wedlock once tied, it can only be sundered again by the scythe of death, or the sword of the consistorial court.

Sportler here shook me eagerly by the hand. "Good counsel," he said, "from the mouth of a friend, is like a golden apple in a silver shell." He acknowledged that the method of trafficking
with

with marriageable children, like Circassian slaves, was indefensible; yet, at the same time, he could not reconcile himself to the idea of daughters disposing of their hearts without the sanction of their parents. "However," said he, "I am *in statu docilitatis*, and only wish to be fully instructed in the situation of Charlotte's affections. But your theory has completely puzzled me with regard to these things. If she should have any secret attachment, I despair of being able to discover it, since in these cases fathers, I suppose, are seldom made their daughters' confidants. A discreet female companion would, perhaps, be the most likely person to obtain the desired information; but where is such an one to be found? And, to confess the truth, in matters of love I could place very little reliance upon my physiognomical knowledge. In this dilemma, then, to whom can I have recourse but to you. You appear, as is usually the case among batchelors, to have speculated deeply upon love, and to understand the theory of it perfectly.

How

How then can the heart of a young maiden be proof against your penetration? I give you a *carte-blanche* for executing this purpose, and hope that you will make no excuses in an affair which I have so much at heart."

I cannot say that I was much pleased with this commission. I would rather have paid my host any money for his hospitality than have been called upon to acknowledge it in such a way. But he pressed me so closely that I could find no excuse, so was obliged to surrender at discretion. And now, however foreign to my usual pursuits was the business, yet having undertaken it, I was resolved to go through with it to the best of my ability, so applied myself assiduously to the arrangement of some plan for drawing out the important secret.

CHAP. VII.

A Trio of Suitors.

WHEN Descartes created his world, Leibnitz his mode of calculation, Francis Vieta his system of algebra, how many an hour of anxious study and meditation did their several works cost them! How was the understanding worried, and tortured, this way and that, before either of these sublime geniuses could bring his system into *formam artis*. But the brains of neither were half so much tormented as mine, in endeavouring to devise some ingenious plan for opening my business to the lovely Charlotte. I wished her to give me free admission into her heart through the strait door of confidence, well aware that a man of honour never ought to seek admittance in any other way.

'Tis true that the arch-thief Nicholas List entered by the strait door when he

stole the celebrated golden table from Luneburg, but then he opened it by means of a traiterous picklock—employed craft and deceit to possess himself of the church property—a base medium of which I was not inclined to avail myself. Reflection only added to my doubts and hesitations. I considered that young girls have a natural propensity to turn those into ridicule who endeavour to spy out, and gain possession of their secrets. By a deceitful appearance of candour and frankness, they draw them to the door of their heart's innermost chamber, and when a cunning fellow expects to thrust in his nose, and pry into all that's going forwards within, the door is banged in his face, and the little traitor who has played him the trick, laughs heartily on the other side, like Madam Sarah in days of yore.

Another mode of procedure therefore suggested itself to me, by which I hoped effectually to obtain my ends, and gain possession of her secret even against her will. I thought whether I could not

get in at the window and read the state of her heart in her eyes, when she least supposed herself observed. Or whether it might not be possible to lay a trap and entice the important affair out of its hiding place by insidious questions. These plans I revolved over and over again in my mind, till I sometimes heated my brain to such a degree that large drops of sweat stood on my forehead. I looked as thoughtful as Guido Bentirulus, as visionary as a politician, and sat with my eyes fixed on the wall, in the attitude of the Indian philosopher, as represented in the Fragments, till at length a happy idea occurred, which promised to bring me fairly and handsomely out of my difficulties.

The lovely Charlotte and I had been accustomed frequently to hold physiognomical conferences together in her father's library, and I resolved to make the experiment I had devised, at the next of these private meetings. But in this I was for a long time foiled. The girl so evidently shunned the usual lecture, that at length

length I could scarcely doubt of her having by some means been led to suspect my intentions, and it appeared to me extremely probable that friend Sportler had been tattling about the matter in private. I have frequently observed that 'tis much the same with individuals as with courts, where things are often whispered in private that have been for some time town-talk. How often are state affairs discussed at the toilette of the minister's lady, or in the minister's kitchen, which are still profound secrets in the chamber of the privy counsellor.

Before I could find a favourable moment for developing my business, cousin Anthony and his son one day, very unexpectedly, made their appearance at Geroldshelm, with intention to bring their matrimonial negociation to a speedy issue. This visit, which at another time would have been extremely agreeable, from some particular circumstances at that moment existing in the Sportlerian family, was now extremely inopportune, and put the whole house into confusion.

It happened unluckily that the good gentleman in the white cloak, Mr. Druschling had come to take his family dinner in the same abrupt manner, and, to conclude the whole, the enamoured pastor was to dine at the castle that day, *ex officio*, upon the annual settlement of the parish accounts.

Three suitors to one maiden, three physicians to one invalid, three publishers to one volume, three physiognomists to one silhouette, or any other *tria juncta in uno* that may happen to meet together in like manner as the above-enumerated trios, can hardly be expected perfectly to resemble, either in their opinions or deportment. Consequently here was abundance of food for the speculative mind, both physiognomically and pathognomically. It was truly interesting to observe the different manner in which the ebullitions of feeling burst forth from the different bosoms. To see how the glances, the ogles, the simpers, flew length-ways and side-ways, how they crossed and jostled each other, and how each

competitor strove with all his might to drive the other off the field. Since the ever-memorable suitor scene, over Madam Penelope's tambour-frame, never I think was one played so worthy of being immortalized as what now passed in the castle at Geroldsheim.

Much is it to be regretted that the man so celebrated for the velocity with which he wrote, whose corpse is so unmercifully broke upon the wheel in the physiognomical cabinet, was not present at this dinner, to have taken minutes of the whole proceedings, with his accustomed rapidity. I have been assured that the motion of a feather was not less rapid in his hand than in the wing of a bird, and that he had brought his art to such perfection that he undertook, for a considerable wager, to sketch, in writing, a description of the physiognomies of a whole parish, preacher and all, only during the sermon. In this he not only succeeded, but even before the poor's box was carried about, had actually taken notes of the features of every man, woman, and

child present, parson, clerk, and organist included; nay, added besides as a gratuity, those of some half dozen persons who came in only for a few minutes as temporary spectators.

One of his formulæ describes cousin Anthony, whose countenance is certainly not a little striking, so well, that I cannot in any way give a better idea of it, than by using his very words. A cubically-formed head, with a projecting forehead, sunken eyes, curved nose, oval ears, compressed cheeks, a little mouth with thin lips, narrow picked chin, a brown complexion, and red hair. A strange composition, which I never could have supposed to exist in nature, had I not beheld it opposite to me at table. I did not augur from it any thing very inviting to a daughter-in-law. For though the good man above-mentioned, saw nothing despotic in this a physiognomy, nor would have suspected its owner of a disposition to play with a kingdom as with a game at chess, supposing fate to transport him from presiding over a cellar full of wine vessels,

vessels, to presiding over a state, yet it appears to me that within the pale of his own house such a man would exercise a sway truly arbitrary, and move every piece upon the chess-board solely and wholly according to his own will. For the rest, he was extremely punctual in all his dealings, and exact as a piece of clock-work in all his motions, his day being regularly divided into equal portions for the several objects of his occupations, not one of which was ever suffered upon any consideration to intrench for a moment upon the other.

Cousin Anthony, junior, on the other hand, in contrast with his father, made no contemptible figure. His whole appearance was lively and animated, as if he was not inattentive to his father's trade, but duly and assiduously tasted all the wines lodged in his cellars. He had not, however, apparently wholly conquered the shyness and bashfulness of youth, or been much accustomed to the company of pretty damsels, particularly did he seem altogether at a loss how to conduct himself

in the new character he was required to assume. Every word he ventured to utter was evidently produced with considerable effort, and the glances he cast towards his beloved were in such a stolen and oblique manner, that a spectator unacquainted with the real situation of things, would have supposed he considered her as forbidden fruit. It was charming, meanwhile, to see the lovely maiden who, although assailed by three suitors at once, yet conducted herself with such perfect impartiality, that it was impossible to guess on which bulwark the white flag of surrender would at last be hoisted.

The conversation at table was of the most insignificant kind, but the pantomime during dinner explained much with regard to the intrigues carrying on by the respective suitors. In the first place, I remarked that each suitor seemed perfectly well aware of the views of the other, though nothing of the kind had been publicly declared by any. In the second place, it appeared equally obvious that Charlotte herself was no stranger to their
secret

secret thoughts, but was perfectly conscious that she was the golden apple for which all were contending. Yet, notwithstanding all the knocking and tapping from without at the doors and windows of her heart, she kept them so firmly bolted and barred, that all my attempts to take a sly peep in, and discover the favoured lover were fruitless. I could plainly perceive, however, although her father had said so much of the inexperience of her heart, that mother Nature had not withheld from her those instructions which she seldom refuses to any of her youthful daughters; to use her blossoming charms as nets and snares to entangle gazers, and fasten them to her apron-string out of vanity at least, as a good notable housewife does a large bunch of keys.

She had, for instance, on this day dressed herself with no small care and attention, and, though on a working-day, wore the same clothes in which she had appeared on the two preceding Sundays. She had not forgotten the half transparent

handkerchief, by which the dazzling whiteness of her snowy bosom was but imperfectly concealed. Her waist was besides so slender and so delicate, that to those for whom this constrained form, so contrary to nature, has charms, nothing could be more seductive. A man with tolerably long fingers might have spanned it.

This tight bodice has its whigs and its tories, its Guelphs and its Ghibellines, who support their opinions as tenaciously as do at present the former parties in the British, or did in days of yore the latter, in the Italian states. I have, upon very legitimate grounds, always united myself with the party of its opposers. Girls trussed up in this way appear to me as unnatural and devoid of taste as the straight and shaven contours of the Greek letters appeared to the deceased Winkelmann. There is no light and shade in the whole female form; the almost imperceptible curvings and swellings which alone can give a grace to the letter, are equally requisite in the human body. If all be
strait

strait and level as a board, or, if the body of a woman be squeezed into a tunnel of fish-bones, till it looks like an inverted cone, all grace, all loveliness is annihilated. How can women, by swelling out their hips with vast hoops, and squeezing up their waists with stiff stays, make themselves like those mis-shapen insects whose bodies and tails are held together as if only by a slender thread.

But I entreat pardon, reader, for this digression. These observations, surely not irrational ones, were suggested by Charlotte's dress on this day, perhaps also contradicted, only from a single argument *per inductionem*. Yet, however expressive was the physiognomy of this dress for displaying the constitution of the female heart, the plain downright understanding of the father seemed wholly insensible to it. These were physiognomical phænomena, which never attracted his attention. Indeed, from all the observations I made during my stay with him, it appeared to me very evident that he was perfectly unacquainted with the secret

history of his own house, while his own secret was apparent to every part of the family.

In the space of twenty-four hours the fermentation made by the lovely Charlotte's charms among the triumvirate of lovers increased immeasurably. What negotiations might in the mean time have been carrying on in the cabinet, I cannot say, because I had no seat or voice in the Geroldsheim privy council, as in the Burgholzheim court of judicature. But, according to public appearance, the hopes of all the competitors were equally raised, and every one flattered himself that the prize would fall to his lot. The batteries were opened on all sides, to bring down the walls of the fortress upon the rock, and lead home the bride in triumph. A sigh at intervals, half uttered, half repressed, appeared like the deadened sound of distant cannon, till at length I found this amorous warfare so insupportably fatiguing, that after dinner I took an opportunity of withdrawing unobserved to the library.

To

To solace my soul, and recruit my exhausted spirits, I had recourse to the Fragments. I had not been long engaged in this darling occupation, when the door opened, and who should appear before me but the Sportlerian grace herself, with her innocent benevolent countenance. Her cheeks were higher coloured than usual, and her heart seemed in a violent palpitation, by which I conjectured that she might have received some impertinence from one or other of the suitors, which had driven her away from the company. And now, thought I, is the favourable moment arrived, which I have so long sought; now is the time for opening my commission. I instantly invoked all my penetration to my aid, and endeavoured boldly to snatch a lime-twigg from my physiognomical quiver, and lay it unobserved in her way, in the hope that it might catch the secret of her love. At least I trusted that some feathers would stick to the lime, by which I might be able to infer what kind of bird had nested in her heart.

“ You

“You come with a wish,” said I, reaching her a chair, which I placed by the desk, “I have an interesting lecture for you, if you have leisure and inclination to give me your company for a quarter of an hour, and if this will not be considered as too great a privation to your guests.”

She answered, with a modest and graceful courtesy, that her papa wished to shew the gentlemen his plantations, and they were all taking a walk together—then seated herself by my side.

It is not in general my practice to tell tales out of school, nor have I ever attempted hitherto to draw out upon paper the confidential *tête-à-têtes* with which I have been sometimes honoured by the fair part of the creation. Indeed they have not often been of a description that could, with propriety, be laid before a third person. For how delightful and instructive soever such a *solus cum sola* may be to the parties themselves, the dialogues that pass in them, when laid before the public, would perhaps appear

as miserable and vapid as any thing in a Leipfick fair catalogue. But ſince what paſſed in my *tête-à-tête* with Charlotte I truſt is not of this deſcription, I will endeavour to do it all the juſtice of which my pen is capable, hoping that my part in the converſation will not do me diſcredit with my female readers.

MYSELF.

We have employed ourſelves long enough in inveſtigating ſilhouettes, let us now quit this ſhadowy ſport and ſeek real nourishment for the mind and heart. Suppoſe we take a full face, or a complete profile. (I inſtantly took up the third volume of the Fragments, and, as if accidentally, opened it at the portrait of Raphael.) What ſay you, madam to this countenance?

CHARLOTTE.

Not half ſo much in its favour as Lavatar ſays.

MYSELF.

How?—Do you not find in it as much ſimplicity, feeling, capability of receiving pleasurable

pleasurable impressions, proneness to banqueting at the table of love, as is stated in the text ?

CHARLOTTE.

Yes, all that I can see, but as I am not an admirer of these banqueters at the table of love, I can feel no particular partiality for Raphael's physiognomy.

MYSELF.

Under certain circumstances you may be right. But to the artist these persons are not so objectionable as to the sentimentalist.

CHARLOTTE.

To me the countenance appears extremely insipid, and 'tis that which I dislike. Yet, perhaps the fault may be in my eyes, and like one part of the Lilliputians, a thing may appear to me quadrangular, which to the other party appears round.

MYSELF.

This is singular!—A physiognomical critic has read this countenance exactly as you have done. He says it is
neither

neither more nor less than that of a voluptuous woman. I accused him in consequence of being a cold critic, but now on viewing the matter more impartially, I will confess, that I think Lavater's judgment was rather influenced by Raphael's pencil, than by his countenance. But be this as it may, one thing is clear, that Rapheal is not the husband for you.

CHARLOTTE.

Would you then seek me a husband in the Fragments?

MYSELF.

Heaven forbid!—I would have you choose for yourself, if you have not chosen already, only I would learn from this book what kind of physiognomy may be your particular favourite.

CHARLOTTE.

I have no favourite.

MYSELF.

I would therefore willingly find you an ideal favourite. I have been assured that in the Catholic church, when young women chose a patron Saint, they at the same

same time generally selected in their hearts a corporeal *Cicisbeo*. The first custom is nearly abolished, but the second still remains in full force. At present, 'tis said, that the young ladies employ the Fragments as a calendar of Saints, from which to select a favourite physiognomy as the Lord of their hearts. 'Tis true, that few of the portraits are qualified for this kind of patronage, but there are also many Saints upon the Romish list, who never were selected as patrons. Saint Blasius, Saint Kilian, Saint Fabian Sebastian, have been entirely neglected; while Saint Anthony of Padua was overpowered with the number of nurselings under his care. Let us look then for the Saint Anthony of physiognomy—the universal master of all female hearts. Here is Sir Benjamin West, to whom I have given the name of Parthenorbetes, because no young woman whose heart is disengaged, could look at this admirable physiognomy without secretly choosing it as her ideal patron. What say you? Is it not the countenance of a charming youth?

CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE.

A charming countenance indeed. Let us see what the text says.—“Calm dignity throughout, purity, uniformity, mildness, devoid of all insipid or affected smoothness.”—True indeed! The countenance speaks all this, even more forcibly than the book.

MYSELF.

Lavater's explanation then here satisfies you entirely, I am rejoiced at that. Sir Benjamin therefore is the model for your favourite physiognomy.

CHARLOTTE.

That you decided at once, since you said it was the favourite with our whole sex.

MYSELF.

I confess I am of opinion that a countenance like this, especially when accompanied with so favourable an explanation, must have something in it uncommonly attractive to every woman; at least to all who have not taken the same vow as Jephtha's daughter.—On which subject,
allow

allow me incidentally to observe, that I am not of that merciless class, who kill the poor maiden without compunction, but rather hold with the more moderate, that she was only compelled, *nolens volens*, to take a vow of eternal chastity. For how would it have become the daughter of a hero, timorously to weep three days for the loss of her life. That would have redounded little to her honour, and have made the father's deed, which could only be excused on the grounds of a momentary frenzy, perfectly unjustifiable. The tears she shed were not of pusillanimity, but of feeling. She wept that she must for ever renounce the hope of enjoying wedded happiness, that she must perhaps discard from her heart the patron it had already chosen.—So much by the way for Jephtha's daughter. And now to return to my former subject:—'Tis my opinion, I say, that every woman who has not taken the same frightful vow, must involuntarily conceive a wish that her future husband's physiognomy might be the exact counterpart of the charming Sir Benjamin's, and
 did

did I know where a youth answering this description were to be met with,—believe me, my dear Charlotte, I speak now in perfect seriousness,—I would instantly endeavour to introduce him to you. But as to any one who should solicit your hand without bearing a resemblance to this favourite physiognomy—Heaven have mercy upon the unfortunate wretch, say I! For my part, I would readily break a lance with him, and should rejoice to lay him low on the earth.

CHARLOTTE.

You are extremely good. But I solemnly assure you that I never would enter into an union in which the feelings of my heart did not entirely and absolutely concur.

MYSELF.

Have you ever in your life seen an existing physiognomy towards which your heart felt strongly attracted, from an idea of its resemblance to this?

CHARLOTTE.

To say the truth, I never thought of making such a comparison.

MYSELF.

Then try the experiment now. Take a review of all your acquaintance, compare them with this model, and then I shall have an opportunity of judging fully and fairly, whether or not you possess true talents for physiognomy.

CHARLOTTE.

This problem were indeed too hard. Permit me to have recourse to one much easier.

MYSELF.

This shall be made easy to you. I will take you by the hand, and point out the fundamental principles of resemblance. And since 'tis indifferent where we begin, let us take the last faces that have passed under our observation, the company at dinner to day. Do you not find, for instance, a strong resemblance between cousin Anthony the younger, and the captivating Sir Benjamin West.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, yes; a strong resemblance.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

'Tis the self-same countenance. The same contour from the forehead to the nose, the same feminine softness and grace in the mouth.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh yes ; 'tis a very strong resemblance.

All this is well I thought, I am doubtless upon the right scent now. I wanted to continue my similitude, but here came a cross wood, over the path, in my way, so that I was obliged hastily to step aside and go round it—when I proceeded.

MYSELF.

The same expression of taste also in the mouth. This I particularly observed in the first glass of wine he drank at table. It shewed me plainly, how this was a continually improving quality in him. Understand me, however, that when I speak of this taste, I mean it of each in his own way. Sir Benjamin West is by profession a painter, and Lavater says that he has a true professional taste about his mouth, although the mouth has in reality no particular

ticular relation to the profession of a painter. With cousin Anthony the claims to taste in the mouth are infinitely stronger, since that is a sort of implement in daily use in his profession, and absolutely necessary to enable him to carry it on properly. Indeed it should seem that by frequent use, this expression must keep constantly increasing, since it is now so strong that it could not be denied by any physiognomist. The case is very different with the rest of the company at table. Mr. Druschling is a fine young man, whom unphysiognomical young women, not acquainted with Sir Benjamin, might be very likely to select as their idea of perfection. But, notwithstanding the regularity of his features, I cannot trace the least resemblance between his contour, and that of my Parthenor cetes.

CHARLOTTE.

How!—no likeness?

MYSELF.

Either my art, or my eyes deceive me if there be any. But to err is human, and

I may

I may be mistaken. Do you then see any resemblance between them?

CHARLOTTE.

Oh yes, a very strong resemblance.

I could have cursed this answer. It was a bolt to the door of her virgin heart that seemed to preclude me from all hopes of entrance, even at the moment when I thought I was walking in without opposition. I was constrained therefore to have recourse once more to my idea of getting in at the window, and looking steadfastly in her eyes, again addressed her.

MYSELF.

May I presume to ask wherein consists the resemblance you discover?

CHARLOTTE.

I cannot describe it by analysing the features. But what Lavater says of Sir Benjamin's profile, seems to me equally applicable to Mr. Druschling's, as to cousin Anthony's, and thence I conclude that their countenances must also harmonize.

She said this with so much coolness and composure, so free from emotion in the eye, or any of the features, that I saw no reason for presuming the least predilection here. Humph! thought I, the fox keeps well in his ambush, but I will touch one more string in the heart to try whether nothing is to be learned from its vibration. I therefore proceeded without any change of tone or apparent eagerness:

MYSELF.

Mother nature, I see, has taught you a species of logic, by which you can make deductions as well as if you had received instructions from Aristotle himself. If the same judgment answers equally for two persons, you infer that a similarity of features is necessarily to be presumed. This may be just; yet I can suggest an idea that will entirely overthrow so reasonable a conclusion. The commentary upon Sir Benjamin's profile appears to me no less applicable to the young Pastor's countenance, than those of the other gentlemen. Calm dignity reigns throughout, purity, uniformity, mildness, devoid of all insipid
or

or affected smoothness. In the contour from the forehead to the nose, is the seat of his meditations, the source of his long and unwearied preachings; particularly when you are placed opposite to his pulpit. In the nostrils is the strongest expression of sound understanding, and in the mouth gentleness and persuasion, particularly when 'tis opened to speak. All this you see answers, even in the most minute parts; yet you will hardly say that there is any resemblance between the Pastor's features and our handsome painter's.

CHARLOTTE.

Whence do you infer that?

MYSELF.

How?—in this instance also you discover a resemblance?

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, yes!—a very strong one.

I was here completely thrown out of my reckoning. The devil take these strong resemblances, thought I!—Now I

know just as much as when my damsel first entered the room. I was beginning to consider what method it was possible next to pursue for obtaining my purpose, when she was suddenly called away, and the lecture therefore of necessity closed.

CHAP. VIII.

The Contest decided.

THUS forsaken by my pupil, foiled in my attempts, and left to my own reflections, I fell into the following monologue:

“ Truly an extraordinary phænomenon! how can I explain it to myself? The girl confessed that Sir Benjamin West’s is the kind of physiognomy to please her, and what she wished her lover’s perfectly to resemble. Well, I in consequence managed silyly to throw in a parcel of leaven among the dough, in hopes to set it in a ferment, by which I might be enabled to obtain my ends; but after all, I can only find that the whole triumvirate of suitors are alike indifferent to her. And I suppose, had I named twenty other young men, she’d have found them all equally like this ideal favourite. Is her heart

then really a void, open for the reception of any inhabitant that may come properly recommended? or did she suspect my views, so wilfully played with the bait I had thrown out?

“Yet, when I observed her physiognomy, the open forehead, the unembarrassed eye void of all roguishness, the appearance of modesty and spotless innocence in all her features and behaviour, I cannot suspect her of wishing to play the fool with me. That she seems not to feel a particular preference for any one of her suitors, I consider as a proof that her heart is at present perfectly free, and that in the congregation of lovers she does not belong to the sect of the *inspired*, but of the *indifferentists*. 'Tis also possible that the whole trio of candidates may be only Tourmalins to her heart*, and that the true magnet to which it will one day adhere has not yet come within its reach.

* The Tourmalin is a transparent brown stone, found in the island of Ceylon, and which becomes electric by rubbing, so as alternately to attract, and repulse ashes.—*Adelung's Dictionary*.

She

She appears indeed like ice, and perhaps most perfectly resembles that piece of ice which, in the famous winter of 1740, was by the academy of Petersburg, prepared after the rules of optics, and used as a burning glass, for setting straw and wood on fire by the rays of the sun; which flame afterwards quickly dissolved the ice itself. The same may also very probably be the case here. The three competitors burn now like dry wood, and should not her tender heart be dissolved by a flame so fierce, it must be an infallible sign, that it is protected by some unknown screen, which prevents the heat having any effect upon it."

Yet after all, ingenious as was this last conjecture, it did not appear satisfactory. She was very ready to fix upon an ideal favourite, which could hardly have been the case, had her heart owned a real one. And supposing this indifference to have been assumed only as a disguise, it seemed scarcely possible, unpractised in deception as her soul must be, but that some little flush of the cheek, or hesitation of the

voice, thrown impertinently in the way by master conscience, would have betrayed her.

After revolving these observations in my mind several times, I at length resolved to communicate the result of my proceedings to my friend. But since, on account of his guests, I could scarcely hope to obtain a private conference with him that evening, I thought it best to make a written report, which I immediately drew up in the following form :

To my worthy Friend Sportler.

“ I cannot resist, my dear friend, imparting to you in confidence, that the opportunity so long sought, in vain, for founding your daughter’s heart on the subject of any possible love attachment, at length presented itself this evening. I have not indeed arrived exactly at the point I expected, yet I think I can give you such information as will suffice for the regulation of your conduct with regard to your daughter.

“ Some

“Some Psychologist, I know not whom, says that the heart of a child is like a plain tablet, on which nothing is yet inscribed, but on which any characters may easily be impressed. Just thus it is with your daughter’s heart, as to any impressions of love; ’tis smooth and clear as a mirror that reflects nothing but the bright azure of the heavens above. Yet, since the slightest variation in the situation of the glass makes an unspeakable alteration in this respect, and it immediately reflects every object that is placed opposite to it, so do I think that you might give Charlotte’s heart any direction you please, and she would follow it mechanically like the mirror.

“Left, however, you should be anticipated in this affair by some undesired intruder, I would counsel you not to lose time, but instantly to use all your efforts for turning her heart towards cousin Anthony. Better were it besides that his suit should be preferred first through you, than through himself, if this will not interfere too much with your family regulations, which

perhaps may render it necessary that the proposal should originate in another quarter. In this you must act according to your own judgment ; so wishing the affair a happy termination, I am, my worthy friend," &c. &c. &c.

Having thus disburdened my heart of a commission by which it had been for many days so grievously oppressed, I laid myself down to rest in peace and composure ; and to express myself poetically, the zephyrs soon breathed a balsamic slumber over my wearied eye-lids.

But this sweet repose was unfortunately premature. In truth, I believe it as easy to remove a mountain, as to pry fully and entirely into the secrets of a maiden's heart. Henceforward I make a solemn vow never to attempt reading female physiognomies: they all belong to the class of serpents. 'Tis for this reason that the Mother of mankind was so ready to enter into conversation with her speckled seducer, since she found his physiognomy harmonizing so well with her own. However guileless,
pure

pure and amiable the lovely girls appear outwardly, so that their countenances irresistibly attract all hearts, yet every one is roguish and deceitful within. Charlotte too has deceived me, though I could have ventured to swear that her soul was free from disguise or art! Gladly would I give one of my fingers that I had my report of last night still in my pocket. My knowledge of mankind will never furnish me with the means of gaining my daily bread; and I fear that my reputation with friend Sportler as a physiognomist will be lost for ever.

Notwithstanding the content and satisfaction I felt at my supposed discovery, and the little idea I entertained that I could possibly be deceived, the next morning brought me ocular conviction that I was no less imposed on in the present instance, than when I placed so much confidence in my Sophy's physiognomy.

My head being occupied with ideas of gallantry, I repaired to Charlotte's room as early in the morning as decency would permit, under pretence of having a new

and very ingenious physiognomical idea to impart to her. I entered: I found no one in the apartment; but through the curtain that hung over the bow window, which was then illuminated with the bright rays of the morning sun, I espied two figures as large as life, a male and a female form, whose lips came in close contact with each other, even at the very moment of my entrance.

This instantaneous phænomenon vanished at the appearance of a third person; for my entrance was betrayed, from the wind occasioned by the opening of the door, giving a gentle wave to the curtain. Charlotte instantly came forward, trembling with apprehension, followed by a man whom indeed I little expected to find behind the curtain with her, even by Mr. Druschling himself. Whether the collision I had observed ere they came from behind the curtain, was only a physiognomical experiment for taking two profiles exactly *vis-à-vis* to each other, by way of furnishing a new table for some future edition of the Fragments, or whether it had
not

not some more sentimental meaning, I will not pretend to say ; but this I can say, that a blush which overspread the lovely Charlotte's face, at least gave some reason to suppose that she thought Mr. Druschling's resemblance to Sir Benjamin West somewhat stronger than that either of the good parson or cousin Anthony, junior. However this may be, her hesitation and confusion spake in terms sufficiently plain that the presence of a third person was not peculiarly acceptable at that moment, and I therefore hastily withdrew, to ruminate in private upon the discovery I had made, which certainly was not particularly flattering to my physiognomical penetration.

In the evening my good stars afforded me an opportunity for a private conference with the father, when the following conversation ensued :

MYSELF.

In every well-regulated system of police, the slow and cautious manner in which all processes are carried on, is always

ways the subject of much lofty and high-sounding eulogium. This solemnity you do not seem to approve, since in one of your letters you cast an oblique reflection upon the creeping tortoise-pace in which justice travels. Yet I see, that in the process of marrying your daughter, you yourself only proceed at the rate of the tortoise. The several candidates for the lovely Charlotte's hand lie waiting like the sick at the pool of Bethesda. What hinders you from making a determination, and awarding the bride to the suitor she finds the most agreeable?

SPORTLER.

Ah, my dearest sir, the fatal *remedium leuterationis* withholds me. I have followed your advice, and proposed cousin Anthony, junior, to my daughter, but she will not hear a word of marrying. She earnestly entreated me to forbear all such proposals, and begged permission only to retire into a cloister, which I was thinking might be managed by the assistance of my friend the lay-brother Hugo at Brunswick.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

How?—Charlotte wish to retire into a cloister? No, no, my friend, believe me 'tis the nuptial bed, not the cell of penitence and prayer, that is the object of her wishes. The religious call is merely poetry of the soul among young maidens, and seldom felt but when the heart has been crossed with respect to some object of its mortal attachment.

SPORTLER.

That does not seem the case here. I thought at first, like you, that it was a mere female whim, and gave her three days to reflect upon the matter; but, at the end, as she remained firm in her resolution, and as this is become law to me, I have already insinuated the matter to cousin Anthony and his son.

MYSELF.

No doubt to their infinite grief of heart.

SPORTLER.

I cannot say much of that. They think, as merchants ought to do, chiefly about the solid part of the bargain; and they
know

know that in matters of traffick either party may be fairly off before the bargain's absolutely struck. The contract therefore will be at an end without making ill-blood on either side.

MYSELF.

The young man, perhaps, was unwilling to manifest all the disappointment and mortification that he felt.

SPORTLER.

Oh no, he is none of your sentimental people, that would pine themselves to death after a girl; he knows very well, *non deficit altera*. You see that I am a tender father, I do not compel my daughter to any thing, I let her have her own way entirely. Perhaps her resolution may be right. After my death mother and daughter never can live together, and it may possibly therefore be better that they should separate now. My wife shall take upon herself the ordering of all terrestrial matters relative to my family, while the superintendence of its heavenly concerns shall be left to my daughter.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

Not so, my friend, not so!—that were indeed the world turned upside down. When Madame Agricola, after the death of her husband, went with her daughter into Russia, the first was engaged for the service of the church, the latter for that of the theatre. And such is the regular order of things, the mother should serve heaven, the daughter be as useful as she can in the world. Indeed Charlotte has none of the qualifications for a cloister.

SPORTLER.

How do you mean?—What am I to understand by no qualifications for a cloister?

MYSELF.

Among us protestants they consist in any deformities of body, such as a mountain on the back, an oblique direction of the eyes, a mouth modelled after the fashion of the rabbit's, or legs resembling those of the duck, a nose and chin that come nearly in contact, or that both turn up towards heaven, with many other things

things of the like kind too tedious here to enumerate. Without some or all of these qualifications, were I confessor of the convent, no maiden should be admitted, unless she had arrived at that period of life, when in revenge for the negligence shewn by the world to her charms, she has become so much at variance with that world, that she is no longer fit to be a member of it.

SPORTLER.

I think, myself, that my daughter does not really feel any call to a religious life, and perhaps the idea is only suggested by the exigency of the moment. She finds herself between two fires, tormented on one side by the father, on the other by the mother, with proposals of marriage against which her heart revolts. What wonder then that she sees no other resource by which to free herself from such importunities.

MYSELF.

Don't you think then, that your lady's favourite may have any charms in Charlotte's eyes? His physiognomy is extremely

tremely fascinating; he has a fine expressive countenance, not that of sweet sentimentalism or ridiculous ostentation, but of a true, open, natural character. A countenance that has nothing shallow, nothing withered, nothing perverse in it, a countenance, in short, in which every maiden with a heart at perfect liberty must inevitably feel a deep interest.

SPORTLER.

I allow all that; and he has besides a good income, and good prospects in future. But, notwithstanding, he never was my hero.—Cousin Anthony was the man for me.

MYSELF.

Well, but if he be only Charlotte's butterfly. Girls concern themselves much more in a lover, with his being able to make himself agreeable in their eyes, than with his appearing a hero in those of their fathers. On this point they think exactly like Varrentrapp, Son, and Wener, in their Encyclopædia, who give a long article to the Butterfly Achilles, while

while they only just mention the hero of that name *en passant*. How if it should be the same in the Encyclopædia of Charlotte's heart, with regard to Mr. Druschling?

SPORTLER.

I think not. Our ill stars conducted him hither, and the impetuous passions of my wife have supported his suit, I believe, because she saw that he was not agreeable to her husband or daughter-in-law.

MYSELF.

Not to her daughter-in-law! Ah, my friend, my letters tell another tale. A very good understanding seems to subsist between the mother and daughter upon this subject; and if your wife should prosecute this idea, I scarcely think that Charlotte will make an appeal against it to paternal love.

SPORTLER.

How?—What mean you?—How does this agree with the plain tablet of her heart that you talked of?

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

This morning, in a physiognomical interview of another kind, I discovered a long inscription upon it, which in my haste yesterday I had overlooked.

SPORTLER.

Hey! what!—Oh Charlotte! Charlotte! have I deserved that you should so artfully conceal from me your secret wishes?

MYSELF.

I trust I can explain the whole matter, so that no censure shall fall upon the poor child. She had doubtless discovered your secret views with regard to cousin Anthony, since female eyes are always particularly keen at discovering such things. How could she then, without the fear of incurring her father's displeasure, make him the confidant of an attachment so diametrically opposite to his views. It was most natural that in such a dilemma, she should have recourse to her mother's protection, which she was so happy as to obtain. But as they were prepared to spring
their

Yes, yes, a sudden light breaks in upon me.

At which I hope you will light the torch
for Charlotte's nuptials.

Here I broke off and took my leave, since I perceived that the brilliant light which had just begun to illumine his soul, did not prevent a heavy slumber from falling on his eyes. I, for my part, could neither rest nor sleep all night, apprehensive lest I might have said too much, and done the lovers an injury instead of a service. I was, however, here again mistaken; I might now have slept quietly. In two days all was settled. Cousin Anthony and his son departed pleased and satisfied; they had only to go a few miles before they came to the next place upon their

their list of matrimonial traffickings, since the old merchant had a number of other markets in store, where he doubted not to dispose of his son advantageously, supposing this first should fail.

The sentimental pastor, whom I will call Mr. *Pleni Lunius*, since he might not like to be mentioned here by his own name, waited with trembling impatience the arrival of the next full moon for prosecuting his purpose ; but waited, alas, in vain !—for, even before his beloved orb appeared only as a golden sickle in the heavens, Mr. Druschling was declared the accepted lover of Charlotte.

CHAP. IX.

My last hours at Geroldshheim.

ALL was now jubilee in the Sportlerian family. A mighty rock seemed rolled from off the heart of the good father. Since nothing was more heterogeneous to his nature than a love intrigue, it was an infinite relief to him that all occasion for filling his head with things of that kind was at an end. The lady of the castle triumphed in the success of her plots, and carried herself so as to shew pretty plainly that the distaff was the sceptre of that house ; while the young people of course thought themselves anticipating the joys of paradise.

I was the only discontented being among the whole groupe ; for all my physiognomical pursuits were obliged to bend before the more important business of the intended wedding. Charlotte, under her

new

new tutor, devoted so many hours to the study of love, and sentimentality, that the private lectures in physiognomy were thought of no more; and as for physiognomising by myself, that might be done anywhere else as well as at Geroldsheim. In short, nothing was wanting to complete my discontent but what I soon received, another rebuff from my steward, Mr. Balthasar Cook.

Instead of the additional supply I had demanded, came a letter, the contents of which were not difficult to be guessed from its thin and meagre appearance. But besides, the manner in which the direction was written, which may justly be called the physiognomy of the letter, and which, 'tis well known, to one who understands the science of physiognomy, carries in it a sufficient index to the contents, told me plainly enough that I should find nothing consolatory within. The sum required, my steward informed me he had with very great difficulty scraped together, but even at the moment when he was about to forward it as de-

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fired, he was prevented by a terrible accident, which required its application to a very different purpose. An unlucky squall of wind had blown down the old school-house, and since he had no doubt that I should be much better satisfied with the money being appropriated to erecting a new room for the instruction of the poor children, than in taking a journey of mere pleasure, he had set about the building without delay.

“ Damned intelligence !” I could not help exclaiming in the first effervescence of anger at this new disappointment: “ Damned intelligence indeed !—and so my journey into Switzerland is all to be blown away and buried under the ruins of an old school-house !”

But what was to be done ? I must yield to necessity. I was on the point of mounting the mad-horse, and making Mr. Balthasar Cook pay dearly for his frolick, but after a few minutes reflection, I carried the nag back into the stable, and in my heart commended my steward for having acted with judgment and discretion,

tion, and resolved to satisfy myself with only making a philosophical reflection upon the matter, after my own way.

“Heavens!” thought I, “if crosses and misfortunes must come, they might at least manage so as to happen at the most opportune times, and when they would be the least felt; but instead of that, they always come at the most unseasonable moment possible!”—However, since it must be so, and the matter could not be helped, I seriously turned my thoughts towards returning home; so, putting on my great coat, was about to depart at the very instant. But no sooner was this coat elpied by my host, than it was complimented off again. He said he positively could not consent to my departure, without first giving me a farewell dinner, which should also serve as the solemnization of Charlotte’s betrothment. This was accordingly arranged, and I engaged to prolong my stay at Geroldsheim till the appointed day. When it arrived, so many memorable things occurred, that I thought them well worthy of being noted down in my

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itinerary, where they stand as my last hours at Geroldsheim.

The young people being dressed, we all assembled in the visiting-room to wait the arrival of the guests, during which interval the mother opened a casket, containing all her jewels and trinkets modernised and new set, which she presented to her daughter-in-law as a bridal tribute. This unexpected liberality, which was certainly a considerable sacrifice on the part of her who made it, which was done in the handsomest manner possible, and which was besides by no means to be expected from a step-mother, affected her really good-hearted spouse so deeply that his eyes absolutely overflowed: a thing of which, judging by the severity of his judicial hand, I did not think him capable. He clasped his wife in his arms with all the eagerness that might be expected from the tone of his mind at the moment, and held such a long and diffuse panegyric peroration upon her many amiable qualities as could hardly have been expected by any wife, fifteen years after marriage, unless in

the case of its being pronounced over her corpse. Nor could I forbear joining in the eulogium, while at the same time I secretly expunged from my heart the disadvantageous commentary upon her character, which I had involuntarily inscribed there, upon my first arrival at Geroldshcim, on her Juno-like behaviour towards poor Charlotte.

But, as every matter has two sides, I was afterwards led to take a different view of it in my thoughts. Can it be, I asked myself, that this maternal present has any similarity to those made by a society of benevolent Jews, and by Madame Oberlins, the wife of a country clergyman at Walderbach in the Stone valley, upon the frontiers of Alsace next to Lorraine, to an institution for the education of children at D——, which some time ago made a great noise in the public prints? The first gave five hundred dollars, the last a pair of bridal ear-rings, then about ten or twelve years old, and worth thirty florins to the Philanthropinum, on which bounty the babbling world was so malicious as

to put a very different interpretation, from that given to it by the pedagogical community which it concerned.

This same world, for instance, said, that the benevolent Jews had subscribed their money, in the hope that the thirty thousand dollars, which the philanthropians reckoned for a certainty upon collecting, would be put into their hands, when they could turn it to no small advantage. In like manner, it was said of Madame Oberlins that she contributed her old ear-rings to the charity, because she wanted her husband to get her a new and more fashionable pair. And if this was not the exact view with which the step-maternal present in question was made, it was very probably some other strongly resembling it. A wife endued with a good practical understanding always knows what she is about. It may be said, perhaps, what have we to do with the motives that actuated the Jews or either of the ladies? The deed, in all the three cases, was good, and to whatever a malignant world may think or say of it, the answer

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swer *de occultis non judicat ecclesia*, is always ready.

The company was numerous. Among them were some great laughers, who were all as usual, not inconsiderable in circumference. Indeed I never knew a great laugher with lean ribs; of those that have fallen under my observation, scarcely any have carried less than two hundred weight. We had besides wits of various sorts, not of the brilliant, the refined, or the attic classes, but rather of the dry, the quaint, and the burlesque descriptions. The blushing Charlotte, seemed not a little abashed by the broad, and perhaps somewhat coarse wit of the ancient knight of Urlau, when the foaming goblets began to fly about. It was incomprehensible to me how his pious lady could relish his *double-entendres*; with which, however, she seemed perfectly satisfied, when she had purified them by some pretty exclamation of, "*Oh fy!*" or "*for shame, husband!*"—and the like.

Mirth and good humour is the seasoning of an entertainment, and I had rather

have but a few dishes with these accompaniments, than a dinner of two or three courses with a dull company. Table conversation has, indeed, the privilege that it may have as much alloy of false-wit and folly, as the gold and silver coin of copper, yet still be current, as all that has ever been printed sufficiently proves. But if the salt-cask of wit be thrust aside to make way for the putrid effluvia of *equivoque* and *double-entendre*, my appetite is destroyed, though nobody has a higher relish than myself for a real joke, or a piece of genuine humour.

As I was not disposed to be talkative, I made my commentaries during dinner upon those that were so. On one side sat a senator from a neighbouring town, with a most *bourgeois*-like appearance, who was as unmercifully keel-hauled by the laughers, as a poor devil of a sailor is by his mess-mates when he first passes the equinoctial line. One of the wits called him the Batactrophant, or Frog-protector of his native town, because he had patriotically opposed the filling up of the
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moat round the town to turn it into a public walk. This witticism was repeated with every glass of wine, till not only he, but such others of the company as could not enter into so profound a joke, were tormented beyond bounds.

Thus beset, I could not help thinking within myself, that such witticisms might justly be compared to the acorn steeped in jalap, with which I have for some time purged my ducks twice in a year. I first took this idea from the Paris *Dictionnaire de l'Industrie*, where it is strongly recommended. And now, when I have prepared my acorn according to the method there prescribed, I assemble my whole duckery together, who stand like the good people in the pit at the theatre, in impatient expectation of the tid-bits by which their palates are to be tickled. Then do I throw my panacea among them, when 'tis swallowed eagerly by the first bird that can seize it. On account of its operative powers, however, it stays not long within, but is soon discharged again so perfectly undigested, and

with its strength so undiminished, that it serves equally well for another, through which it passes with equal rapidity, and so in turn runs through the stomach of every duck in the yard, always appearing with added crudity, like a dull jest often repeated.

On the other side of the table, at the head of which sat the knight, things did not go on altogether so merrily; for though he was well disposed to mirth, yet his jokes seemed to cost much labour both in the conception and the bringing forth. If therefore the table-wit on the one side might be likened to an acorn steeped in jakap, that on the other might be compared to the production of a woman, related in the Berlin memoirs. After carrying a wedded burthen within her for two and twenty years, when she was at length delivered, and a genius of a very extraordinary nature was expected, nothing appeared but a lifeless mass, without sense or motion.

It cannot be denied, however, but that my intended departure, combined with
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the bad tidings I had received from my steward, and the annihilation of my plan of travelling, gave a perverted turn to everything that I saw and heard. The company in general seemed extremely well entertained; and I am not so presumptuous as to consider myself as the only Solon or Socrates among a circle consisting of some score and half persons of distinction. I do not think, like many an arrogant scribbler of these strange times, whose heads are turned with the prevailing passion for criticism, that I am the only farmer-general of sense and understanding within a compass of three days journey round me, and consequently raise myself up upon the stilts of my supposed literary or political consequence above all my neighbours, like a saint at a procession. As often as I see one of these egotists enter an assembly, not of the academies *Degli Arcadi*, or *Della Crusca*, I wish myself a police-officer of society, with the privilege of correcting such arrogance and self-importance, by driving him out again with a filip on the nose.

About the time of Vespers, the tea-room was opened, when most of the company adjourned thither, to counteract the fumes of the wine. I also was departing, but found myself pulled back by the jovial knight, who maintained his post immoveably, amid the bottles and glasses. "What are you about?" said he, "Were you also born under the sign of Aquarius that you run after liquor so disgraceful to a German stomach?"

"Why disgraceful?" I asked. "In the present century our German stomachs, with regard to honour and shame, are exactly like a translating manufactory; we re-cook, and Germanise all foreign productions that come into this country. I am not however a particular partisan of the tea-sloppers; I seldom drink tea myself."

"Then you are the man for me," he replied, at the same time reaching me a full glass. When I had pledged him, he proceeded: "Wine rejoices man's heart, strengthens and invigorates him for performing manly deeds; tea on the contrary weakens

weakens the nervous system, debilitates the body, makes a man soft and womanish, creates vapours, megrims, and all the feminine disorders that infect our present puny race of boys. To the wine-drinker all is right in the world, but with the tea-slopper, everything is wrong; he finds fault with Creator and creature, criticises with severity the government of God, and his representatives the potentates of the earth, and slanders and cheats his brethren. I therefore set myself against all the tea-companies, that begin to steal into our German towns, and which, if they be not vigorously opposed, will soon infect the whole country with the tea-contagion. If I could consider such societies as only friendly clubs, yet tell me what good can be expected from a liquor, that makes everybody melancholy and hypochondriacal? Tea-drinkers are always lukewarm friends, have never the heartiness and frankness of disposition that belongs to wine-drinkers. They sit stiffly and formally round the tea-table, and sip up their vile
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liquor till all good-humour is suppressed, and scandal and spleen reign triumphant."

"But for the knowledge of mankind," I interrupted him, "nothing is more replete with instruction than a tea-company; and it has given me much concern, that in the course of my travels, I have never happened to be introduced into one. You know the manner of conveying the tea-cups to the mouth, and returning it again into the saucer, speaks so plainly to us physiognomists that we can read the whole character of the man by that one action only. The wine-glass, on the contrary, is so sterile an object, that we can deduce nothing from it. With the free-mason 'tis otherwise; if report may be credited, 'tis from the manner of drinking, that a member of this fraternity instantly recognizes a brother, since no one of the society may touch a drop of wine till he have given his eyes such a direction as that they can both see the point of the nose at the same time. If that be really the case, this is still a voluntary sign which cannot tend to
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developing the character of the man. I am led to think that these tea meetings have been established, not for the sake of the liquor itself, but on account of the manœuvering they occasion with the cup, which makes them so important for physiognomical observations ; for, 'tis to be observed, they were revived at the same time with physiognomy. What you consider as formality and melancholy in them, is properly a spirit of attention and observation, a sign that the company are deeply engaged in their physiognomical studies. If you contemplate the German tea-drinkings in this point of view, you will, I hope, be better reconciled to them."

"Heaven forbid!" returned he. "The great American tea-company has put me entirely out of conceit with all smaller ones. Was it not merely ill-humour arising from tea, that kindled those flames of war on both sides of the Atlantic ocean, which all the tea-kettles in the world are unable to quench again, This miserable liquor had so filled the Americans with spleen

spleen and hypochondriacism, that they would not pay a trifling tax upon it, while their brethren, the wine-drinkers in England, like faithful subjects, are content to empty their glasses of port, under a tenfold heavier impost. Many a German warrior, alas! who hoped to die a death of honour for his native country, has been already sacrificed to this idle tea contest, nor can we calculate what additional numbers it may yet devote to destruction."

I know not how much longer the anti-teaistical knight might have harangued upon this subject, had he not been interrupted by my being called away to hold a physiognomical lecture in the tea-room. Though by far the greater part of the company consisted of unphysiognomical souls, who understood as little of the science, as did formerly the community of fishes of the preachment of Saint Francis, yet I did not hold it right to disregard the summons, since perhaps some converts might be gained by the powers of my eloquence. I therefore set out immediately on my physiognomical mission,

mission, with as much eagerness and enthusiasm as an apostle of the holy brotherhood sets out upon his evangelical one, among the negro slaves.

I advanced to the desk, and taking up a volume of the Fragments at random, happened to light upon the table of silhouettes of thumbs. I considered myself as peculiarly fortunate that I had thus, without the trouble of forethought, chosen a subject so rich in materials for displaying my knowledge. For since much eloquence must be expended, before even the experienced in the science could be persuaded that a man's character may be fully read, merely by the silhouette of his thumb—how much more must be requisite for the conviction of the inexperienced. To give importance to my harangue, and fix more closely the attention of my audience, particularly as I observed that the lady of the house and Madame von Urlau were deeply engaged in an interesting discussion, upon the most convenient time for holding a great wash, I began in a solemn

solemn and audible voice, "We have here before us, my most worthy, most respected, most revered auditors, a very interesting member of the human body, which in every way deserves our particular attention."

At these words the discussion upon the great wash was instantly adjourned, and Madame von Urlau bent herself down to the book to see what this very interesting member of the human body might be. But no sooner did she cast her eyes on it than she gave a great scream, threw herself back in her chair, and holding her fan before her face, entered a solemn protest against my proceeding in the lecture. I could by no means imagine what had occasioned this alarm, and begged to know her reason for such an interdict. But none could I obtain; she only declared her solemn resolution to leave the room, should I presume to say another word upon the subject. The company stared at each other; the thing seemed wholly inexplicable. I shut the book with no small indignation, at being thus interrupted by

by some egregious piece of folly; for such I was thoroughly convinced it was. Nor was I mistaken—since, as I afterwards learned, the whole matter was, that the lady had mistaken the silhouette of the thumb for that of the great toe, and was apprehensive that I was entering upon a lecture on toes that might have proved offensive to her over-strained delicacy.

Thus were all my golden hopes of awakening some aphysiognostical souls from the slumber of inactivity, to the study of the knowledge and love of mankind, suppressed by female folly, almost as soon as excited. For since by this occurrence my wares were greatly depreciated, and I feared that no one would listen to me with an unprejudiced mind, while I was displaying their excellencies, I thought it better to fold them up at once, return them to their proper shelves, and shut up my shop.

CHAP. X.

My departure from Geroldshcim.

I HAD now been so long accustomed to my present quarters, that I could not quit them without reluctance. I therefore made short work of the taking leave, pressed the hands of my friends ardently, wished them a hearty farewell, sprung into my saddle, and was out of the gate in an instant.

I already breathed the air of another territory, before my heart could shake off the painful feelings excited by the separation. I had in consequence been wholly inattentive to my route, indeed had not once thought what course I should pursue. "Philip, what do you advise," said I to my huntsman, "shall we take the nearest way, as men commonly do when they are returning home, or shall we seek some circuitous road, that we may see the more of the country?"

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“ If you mean to take the direct way home, fir,” answered Philip, “ we are now far too much to the left ;” and with that he brought me into the road, which he knew well from having already travelled it.

I immediately fell into a train of reflection upon going to the left hand. He who considers every way that he can take in his pilgrimage through life as the right, I thought within myself, will soon deviate from the strait road, first to the one side and then to the other, and probably get at last too much to the left, like Sir Goetz on the way of peace and improvement, Doctor Bahrdt in the path of new doctrines, Messrs. Fridell Graun, and Ransleben, in the impartial path of justice, and Doctor Sanfti on the broad highway of practical medicine, which every shoemaker knows how to hit.

I once met a spirited young knight, completely armed, of whom I asked which way he was going ? “ The way of honour,” he answered proudly. But the next time I saw him, he was in the inn
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of folly, on the sumptuous balcony of prodigality, hanging over the gulph of ruin. He had missed his way and gone too much to the left.

Not long after, I met a literary pedestrian, to whom I put the same question, whither he was going? He answered to the tree of knowledge, and thence to the temple of wisdom. I followed him with my eyes, when I beheld him stray into the labyrinth of superciliousness, march towards the windmill of vain-boasting, dance under the lime trees, to the pipe of free-thinking, then go to day-labour in the manufacture of false literature, and at last beg for a night's lodging in the lazaret-house of worn-out debauchery. He also had wandered too much to the left.

A young woman of modest demeanour, of whom I made the like inquiry, told me that it was her intention to pursue the path of virtue. I watched every step she took. The hard stone pavement soon began to blister her tender feet, and she sought a more commodious path. In this
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she soon arrived at the hotel of pleasure, where she stopped, then took a walk in the *promenade* of vanity, embarked in the boat of fickleness, landed on the shore of coquetry, and remained at last with her high heeled shoe stuck fast in the morass of prostitution, like the unfortunate Sophy, or Madame Sempronia. It was the same with all; they went too much to the left hand.

'Tis therefore highly important to every traveller, of every rank, age, and sex, in wandering along the path of life, to apply frequently to the wooden direction-post of instruction and admonition—or to put himself under the conduct of that skilful guide experience—or to take a place in the diligence of circumspection—so that he need not fear going out of the strait road, and getting too much to the fatal left hand.

While I was pursuing these reflections, a man rode up from a cross way, who saluted me modestly, joined company with me, and without farther introduction, entered into conversation with perfect freedom

dom and unreserve. I was interested by his open confidential manner, and he almost immediately gained my friendship. He talked well upon various subjects, so as to beguile the way very pleasantly. We first run over such topics as are furnished by the calendar ; sowing and planting, the probable course of the weather in the ensuing winter, peace, war, and the like. He made some very acute remarks upon the conjunctions in the political heavens, to which I listened with great pleasure. Afterwards he descanted upon patriotism, the love of our country, and other subjects that had a relation to them, from all which I was convinced of the perfect rectitude of his principles, and correctness of his judgment.

Thus we proceeded together for several stages. Wherever we stopped I found that he was perfectly at home, and took care of every thing for me, as for one under his protection ; and what excited my astonishment more than all was, that at the inns he constantly moderated the charges, in which the landlords always patiently

tiently acquiesced. It was done with few words; he only reminded the host that *honesty is the best policy*, paid about half the reckoning, and all was well. This laconic eloquence never failed of its effect, and my purse found the benefit of it. What kind of talisman can this man possess, I often thought, that he can thus put to silence the spirit of innkeeping? Can his commanding physiognomy have this power? If so, the worthy Gellert is proved to be in the right when he says, that even a rogue is never insensible to the value of honesty.

My companion grew every hour more and more interesting to me, through some little stroke of philanthropy, of integrity, or of ardour in assisting his fellow-creatures. In the morning we met three female peasants carrying heavy bundles of wood to market through a dirty muddy road. One of them was a young girl, who almost sunk under the weight of her burden, and was making grievous lamentations. My sentimentalist, affected by her situation, instantly paid the women li-

berally for their wood, and presented it to a poor man who was passing by with an empty cart. I was charmed with this benevolence, and felt ashamed of myself, since my heart told me that I would have done the same, had I thought of it—and I was dissatisfied that it had not occurred to me.

When we had proceeded a little farther, we met a carrier, whose cart was stuck fast in a deep hole. I saluted him after my usual manner, with, "*God help you, friend!*" and rode on. But my worthy companion alighted from his horse, tied it to the carrier's team, applied his own strong shoulder to the wheel, and raised the cart out of the mire. I investigated my heart, and found that it would have been ready to do this good deed also, but alas! I had not thought of it.

We arrived at a custom-house. The inspector came out: he was extremely complaisant; and holding out his hand, declared that he would not by any means trouble the gentlemen by rummaging over their things. I felt as usual in my pocket; but

but my companion thrust the open paw aside, saying, "Do what your office requires;" when he instantly opened his portmanteau, and took every thing out piece by piece, at the same time reproaching the officer in very powerful language upon the *fas* and *nefas*. The fraud-merchant urged in his defence that he had seven children crying around him for bread. "That is another affair," said my companion, and instantly drawing out his purse, gave him a florin. I followed this excellent example, though somewhat ashamed of being only a tardy imitator of so much generosity.

Hitherto I had not ventured to physiognomise the man. I had so often been made the sport and jest of the science, that I was become cautious of forming a judgment. But as we were sitting and drinking a glass of old wine together at an inn, on the third day of our acquaintance, when he was placed directly opposite to me, I ventured to look steadily in his face, and found that he had exactly the countenance given by the Berlin engraver

to the *True Hero* in Bürger's Ballad. "Who sees not," said I within myself, "in that free open countenance the man of firmness and self-possession! What goodness, what courage, what resolution, in that mouth, and that ear with the angular orifice! Yes! every thing denotes the hero; athletic both in body and mind; ready to put his strong and nervous shoulder to the wheel, for the assistance of any fellow-creature in distress!"

By the contemplation of this glorious physiognomy I felt my blood warmed and animated, and seemed endowed with powers for the achievement of the noblest deeds. I thought that a man with such an angelic exterior, must undoubtedly have a soul harmonizing with it, and could not forbear exclaiming in extasy, "Thy hand, admirable man!—heaven be thanked for the good fortune it has granted me, in beholding a countenance of such worth and honour!"

He seemed at the first moment somewhat struck and confounded by a salutation so unexpected; but soon recovering himself,

himself, he gave me a most benevolent smile ; and pressing my hand, said, " You compliment me highly, sir. How many dollars do you then think this countenance may be worth ?"

" Your question," I replied, " reminds me of a similar one put once before to a physiognomist, who answered that this was not an easy matter to resolve. The questionist, however, said that he knew exactly—fifteen hundred dollars—for that sum had been lent him by a perfect stranger, merely on the strength of his countenance. This anecdote," I continued, " may serve as an answer to your question ; for I feel, most worthy man, that I would readily lend fifteen hundred dollars upon the spot, on the pledge only of your physiognomy."

" That is too much ; considerably too much," he replied. " No, sir. In the last war indeed my head was worth a thousand dollars ; but I do not know the current price of it at present so exactly. An article rises or falls in value, accord-

ing to the eagerness with which it is fought."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "that is the way in which you estimate the value of your head. I see you are not a physiognomical associate. But the instance I have mentioned I believe to be almost single in its kind. 'Tis not many heads that would be taken in pledge only for a groschen, else would the *beaux esprits*, who flourish in such abundance all over the country, not be so often obliged to pawn their coats and waistcoats. A good countenance and an honest heart ought to be considered as a certain capital; yet they are mortgages that few creditors will take. However, be that as it may, before we part, let me request your address, sir, since I hope we may hereafter meet again."

"As it shall please God," he replied. For my name, it is John Fisher: I am a Saxon, and keeper of an hotel in the little town of Ostriz not far from Zittau near the frontiers of Bohemia." All this I noted

noted down in my memorandum book ; so, shaking hands, we went our respective ways in peace.

And now, as I was again trotting on in solitude, I gave free audience to my thoughts. “ I study physiognomy,” said I, “ for the promotion of philanthropy ; gape at every one who may fall in my way, speculate upon them, compare them, measure the lengths and breadths of every feature, while perhaps not one of them is aware that such a thing as a physiognomist exists, though they all practise philanthropy very effectually. Am I not the proud Pharisee, who makes a great outcry with his theory of goodness, while this practical philanthropist pours oil into his neighbours’ wounds without any study at all ? This very day, when we met three peasant girls, I thought of nothing but that they were common every-day-faces ; while John Fisher, regardless of their lineaments, studied only the heavy burdens of wood under which they were labouring, and the muddy road through which they were to travel bare-footed.

My observations were barren and unfruitful, while his led to a worthy and noble deed. When I saw the carrier stuck fast ; a true automaton, I thought ; a mass of flesh and bones who moves mechanically, without sense or feeling, like his cart. But John Fisher did not look at the man, only at his situation, and considered that this was a human being, like himself, who laboured hard for his daily bread, and thought it cruel to pass him by unnoticed. Thus was he excited not only to a participation in the poor fellow's misfortune, but to activity for his relief. When I saw the custom-house officer, I thought of nothing but that he was a collector of customs, consequently that he must carry the sinner in his countenance ; but my companion saw only a man whom necessity compelled to be a rogue, perhaps against his conscience."

" Truly," I exclaimed, " John Fisher is a much more righteous man than myself ! Happy the town that can boast many such good citizens ! Happy the country that produces many such patriots !

Happy

Happy the prince that rules over many such subjects! He may boast, like a certain celebrated count, that he can sleep securely in the lap of any one of them!" I immediately resolved to extend my studies according to this good example, and in future not to consider the physiognomy alone, but the whole of the man, situation as well as person, and hoped that I should thus obtain the proposed ends of enlarging my philanthropy more effectually than by studying the lineaments alone.

The day began to decline as I entered a village where I resolved to take up my night-quarters. I enquired for the public-house, but found there was no such thing in the place. Philip asked for a mug of beer, but was answered that none was brewed there. The village furnished nothing but pure water and potatoe-bread. "And, notwithstanding," said I to a girl who was playing with her rustic sweetheart at the well, "I see that happiness is one of its inhabitants."

I physiognomised all the peasants' cottages, to see which promised the most convenient night-quarters. But before I had made my choice, a man came up to me, whose physiognomy spoke plainly, that among a hundred common men by whom he was surrounded, he was not of the common class. I found something in him that attracted me exceedingly. "My good friend," said I, "the old saying tells us that he who seeks shall find. I seek a night's lodging: shall I find it under your roof?"

"Certainly, sir," he answered; "I have room for you, though not for your horse."

"He will find a place anywhere," I replied; and immediately followed my host to a small and old house at the very end of the village. We tapped at the door, which was opened by a young woman, whose appearance was above that of a common peasant. She sprung towards the man, caressed him, patted his cheeks, and put a little smiling infant into his arms, which he pressed to his bosom with

with affectionate ardour. Besides that pledge of love and a favourite cat, this wedded pair had three other inmates in their house, which are not often found together, poverty, cleanliness, and content. I was so much charmed at my first entrance, that I would not have changed the cot, poor as it was, for a palace. I ordered Philip to deposit my portmanteau there, and seek a lodging for himself and the horses.

The young woman was so absorbed in attention to her dear Valentine, that she scarcely seemed to perceive the intrusion of a guest. She hung on his neck without once turning her face from him, while the child upon his knee repeatedly lisped out the tender name of father, by whom these testimonies of affection were returned with such manly tenderness and sincerity, that I seemed transported into heaven by the mere contemplation of so interesting a groupe. "Blessed be the hour," said I to myself, "that I entered this dwelling! What is all the tinsel of wealth and rank so generally
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esteemed the prime source of earthly happiness to the pure gold of mutual love like this! Hail! hail! ye beloved of heaven! ye are like the first pair in the garden of Eden! ye seem to have as few wants, and are therefore the more happy! Not troubled with uncertain possessions, not tormented with ambitious wishes, or inordinate desires, ye seem all in all to each other! I have visited a house already entered by the angel of God!"

After this tender scene, the hostess first bade me welcome, and set out a patriarchal supper, with which the father of the faithful himself need not have been ashamed of entertaining persons of much greater distinction. My stomach, indeed, was not disposed to be querulous, for I began to find that I had made a long fast. I cannot say in general that I am difficult to be pleased in this respect, except the spleen may happen to have taken possession of me, when I make much the same remarks upon every dish that comes to table as were made by

Martin

Martin Ehlers upon the decorum of what are usually denominated the pleasures of life. I rail at the dishes as the philosopher at the pleasures, though I eat of them freely, as he never renounced any enjoyment.

I found this meal the best opportunity yet afforded me for making physiognomical observations. The white, clean, even teeth of the wife seemed to speak her having been accustomed from her youth to nothing more costly in the way of food than she enjoyed at present. Teeth of this description are considered by the apostle of physiognomy as denoting a pure, affectionate, spotless soul, which indeed seemed to be the character of the female in question. I am not, therefore, surprised that among our women of fashion, so few good, amiable, pure, affectionate, and spotless hearts are to be found, since they ruin their teeth entirely, even from their youth, by the quantity of animal food and sweet things that they eat, and the hot liquors that they drink.

The

The exterior of the man pleased me no less. His figure was such as might have served as a model for the statuary, and his physiognomy perfectly fascinating. The upper line of the forehead, the eye-brows, the base of the nose, and the mouth, all so horizontal, and in such complete parallels, and between the eye-brows such a fine open space that it was like a broad high-way to the noble bridge of the nose. Every part, in short, was homogeneous to the other, forming a whole so complete, as irresistibly to excite in my mind an ardent wish that I could make him my companion in my intended visit to Zurich—yet, alas! no sooner was the wish formed than the dreadful recollection crossed me, that this journey was at an end. To complete my satisfaction and strengthen my judgment; I found all my host's words and actions confirm the impression made by his physiognomy. The same openness that appeared in his forehead appeared also in his heart; the same sound understanding and true German honesty,

honesty, the same justness of thinking and feeling. To have discovered such a man in an obscure village that furnished nothing better than potatoe-bread and clear water, and in a cottage that seemed in so tottering a condition as to be in danger of sharing the fate of my old school-house from the first gust of wind that might assail it, was a happiness not to be expected.

As I was smoaking a pipe sociably with him after supper, a thing to which I had some difficulty to persuade him, lest he should seem wanting in respect to me, I addressed him and his wife: "My good friends, judging from your manners and behaviour, I cannot help supposing that this village is not your natural soil, but that accident has transplanted you hither: an idea confirmed by your pronunciation, which is by no means that of this country. By what storm have you been cast on this island? and on what rock has the vessel of your happiness been wrecked?"

"Worthy

“Worthy sir,” answered my host, “you judge rightly—’tis a shipwreck indeed that threw us on this spot. I am properly a citizen of Dierdorf, where I followed the business of a master-taylor, but have left my country and my home, and become a wanderer in a foreign clime, for the sake of the gospel. You may guess, perhaps, what kind of sparrows had nestled under my thatch. These I imprudently disturbed; which was taken so much amiss that I was obliged to seek some more secure asylum. I still carry on my profession here, but it supports me very scantily. At our arrival a poor widow received us into this cottage: she is dead, and the heir suffers us to inhabit the empty cottage rent-free. Time was, indeed, when we never could have expected to be driven to such necessity; but we console ourselves with the reflection that we do not suffer as sinners, but as martyrs for the honour of God.”

Martyrdom for the honour of God is a fine sounding phrase, I own; yet I
must

must confess that, according to my observation, it appears commonly employed only as the scape-goat for all the tricks and follies of mankind. But since my host seemed gratified with the idea, I would not say any thing to diminish his pleasure or deprive him of such a source of consolation amid his real sufferings. I, however, could not forbear making my own private reflections upon the subject. The catholics, thought I, long ago built a monastery at Dierdorf for the honour of God, which—also for the honour of God—was pulled down again by the protestants. Well says the verse:

We all in one great God believe,

Profess his holy will t'obey.

So for his honour brawl and fight,

And in his name each other slay.

'Tis therefore but too certain that raging enthusiasm still does occasionally raise her head, even in these days of toleration. Perhaps they are the last agonies of this expiring Behemoth. Yet there are always intolerant emmets, who will nestle
in

in every thatch. Oh that I had them all under the iron bell invented by Baron Hubsch for the destruction of vermin, verily I would not be sparing of the brimstone.—But hold! I thought here. I am surely not in the right road; I must be straying too much to the left. A preacher of toleration, talking of the *destruction* even of emmets.

When I was thus made acquainted with the principal circumstances in the *curriculum vitæ* of my worthy host and hostess, the latter made me up a bed of dried leaves, over which I spread my riding cloak, and slept upon it as soundly and as comfortably as I had done in the old state-bed at Geroldsheim. But before I closed my eyes I ruminated for a while on the best means of carrying into execution my plans of practical philanthropy in the case of this necessitous family. I thought of several ways by which to follow the good example of the worthy John Fisher, and put my shoulder to the wheel for their relief and consolation, and was resolved not to part from them till I
saw

saw the stranded vessel of their happiness once more afloat in deep water. Fancy assisted me in my purpose by pleasing dreams; and I should doubtless have fulfilled my intentions to my own entire satisfaction, had not the emigrant pair, from an immoderate desire to make sure of the matter, anticipated me in all my views.

CHAP. XI.

My return home.

A LIQUORISH dog, as the story goes, ran one day into the cellar of a dealer in Italian goods at Leipfick, where finding some delicious faufages, he began eagerly to regale himself with them. The shopman finding him there, raised a great outcry; and taking a good ftick into his hand, was going to beat him foundly. The master, however, who, as is ufually the cafe with his countrymen, was a fly crafty fellow, and was not fatisfied with fuch a merely German mode of revenge, who thought, befides, that the dog might lay about him with his teeth, and bite either himfelf or his man, devifed a means for gaining his end more fecurely. Calling off his fervant, therefore, "Don't ftrike,"

strike," said he, "let us rather give the dog a bad name."

With that he opened his shop door slowly, let the animal run out, and then called after him, "Take care, good people, the dog is mad!"

The alarm of the mad dog instantly spread through every street, and all the inhabitants caught up their children, ran into their houses, and shut their doors fast. A prudent magistrate, however, sent a couple of shots after the dog, which brought him down, and thus the poor beast expiated his offence with his life, by means of a bad name.

I know of nothing more common among mankind than this most destructive practice of giving each other a bad name. No sooner does a dainty critic begin nibbling at a literary sausage, the property of another, than the latter comes to his door, and, through the medium of some journal or periodical publication, cries out, "Beware of him, the critic's mad!" —Or does a churchman presume to make

an inroad upon the faufage of some darling paffion of a lay brother, the latter instantly bawls in the outer court of the temple, “Brethren, beware! your church lamp has a heterodox wick!”—Again, the tradesman is called a fwindler, a cheat—the phyfician a quack—the mechanic a bungler—and thus is many a worthy man worried to death by the purfuit and outcry raifed againft him.

It gives me great concern that I am compelled to purfue a like courfe with my hoft, and, notwithstanding his open forehead, and the broad high-way to his nofe, to give him a bad name. Yet, heaven be my witnefs that I do it not in the fpirit of revenge, like the mafter of the Italian cellar, but merely on account of my devotion to phyfiognomy. The honour of that fcience is at ftake, and to prevent others being led aftray like myfelf, I cannot hesitate for a moment to cry out, “Beware! oh my fellow-creatures, of that impofing countenance! ’tis a phyfiognomical highway that leads to the gallows!”

I fleep

I slept on my leafy couch so sweetly, and so quietly, that I did not wake till, even in these late autumn days, the light shone clear and bright through the crevices of the window shutters. I was much surprised to find nothing alive stirring, not only in my chamber, but in the whole house. I presumed, however, that the late hour to which we sat talking the preceding night had occasioned my host and hostess to lie longer in bed than usual, and I resolved not to disturb the affectionate pair, since, while they were asleep, I considered them as happy, well assured that souls like theirs could not be disturbed by unpleasant dreams; I therefore lay still for a considerable time longer. At length, almost tired with waiting, I pushed back the window shutter, and felt for my watch, to see what o'clock it might be. But, oh woeful to relate! no watch was to be found! This appeared strange and suspicious, and induced me next to visit my portmanteau. Though externally it bore no symptoms of having been handled by other visitors, when I
came

came to examine it, clothes, linen, and even the few ducats, wrung with such difficulty from Mr. Balthasar Cook, were gone, while nought but a bundle of musty straw supplied their place. I began now to smell a rat, and burst vehemently into the chamber of my host and hostess, no longer afraid of disturbing their rosy slumbers. But, nor host nor hostess were to be found; the nest was empty, and the birds flown with bag and baggage out at the window.

I know not which gave me the most uneasiness, the loss of my property or this new error in my physiognomical judgment. I sunk into a state between thinking and not thinking; that is to say, thoughts pressed in such throngs into my head, that I was too much overpowered to be capable of arranging them, or playing at ball with them after my usual custom. This paroxysm of stupefaction had perhaps continued for a long time, had I not been roused from it by the entrance of Philip. His countenance and manner were little consolatory; it was evident
from

from both, that he was not the messenger of pleasant news. He came indeed to tell me that my poor honest travelling companion, the Cimbrian, lay at the point of death, with the cholic, from the potatoe bread he had been compelled to eat the night before, since no other food was to be procured.

"Oh, woe! woe!" I exclaimed, "how true is the old saying, that a *single* misfortune never comes *alone*!—See here, Philip," I continued, "I have been entrapped by my confidence in physiognomy to take up my lodging in a nest of thieves, and am plundered of all my property."

Philip stood as if thunderstruck, and scarcely knew whether or not to give credit to my words. But when he perceived the empty portmanteau, he poured out a volley of curses against the robbers, after the fashion of a huntsman, and anxiously entreated permission to exercise his hunting talents in pursuing them, when he swore vehemently he would never give over the chase till he had placed them

all in safe custody. He concluded his orations with some oblique reflections upon my beloved science, and pointed allusions to my former errors with respect to Mark and Sophy. I was too much depressed with my new mortification, to be able to take up the matter, and could only say, that it would indeed be a glorious science, had it not this one failing, that no reliance could be placed upon it.

I quitted the thieves' nest on foot, and hastened to my dying friend, around whom I found half the village by this time assembled, the parson and the sexton making a part of the company. This disturbed me not a little, since I was apprehensive that the ecclesiastic might require the *jura stola*, and I had not so much as a dreyer remaining in my pocket. But the event proved that I had wholly misapprehended his purpose. He only happened to be passing that way upon business, when seeing a crowd assembled, he had joined them, and was giving friendly advice what was best to be done

for relieving the suffering animal. As he made many proposals to this effect, one word brought on another, till at length we drew more and more together, and became quite sociable and acquainted.

The exterior of this man did not bespeak the possessor of a very fat benefice. His black coat, made originally of the coarse cloth of the country, was worn quite threadbare, and so rusty that its original hue was no longer to be discovered. His peruke had been so long in the service, that it was reduced to only a few straggling locks; scarcely sufficient to frighten away the birds from a cherry tree; and his hat, as well as the rest of his dress, corresponded perfectly with such a coat and wig. But this unpromising shell concealed a sound and hearty kernel. He was a sensible man, and so easy in his manners that he almost imperceptibly drew me into conversation. I did not conceal from him my adventure of the preceding night, at which he was the more astonished, as he had himself taken my shipwrecked emigrants into the village

N. 2.

from

from pure Christian charity, and relieved their distresses to the utmost of his ability. He had even represented their case to many worthy people, who had consequently given Mr. Valentine, as a persecuted saint, any little jobs they could find in the way of his trade, by which he and his family had been tolerably supported. For the rest he, as well as the elders of the parish, bore testimony to the taylor's good behaviour since he had resided among them, and particularly the parson spoke in high terms of his diligent attendance at public worship, and earnest attention to the sermon. He, however, ordered the sexton to draw up a statement of the robbery, and paste it upon the church-door, with the offer of a reward for the apprehension of the thieves, which doubtless will be of much more use than Philip's proposed pursuit of them.

My unfortunate Cimbrian expired, to my inexpressible concern, ere the sexton had finished his advertisement. I paid the last honours to the poor beast, by pronouncing an eloquent parentation over his
body,

body, in which I set forth, in flowing and elevated language, his illustrious pedigree, his numerous good qualities, and the celebrated career he had run through life, concluding with our ill-fated arrival at this village, and the unhappy consequences that had ensued both to himself and his master.

I now thought of hiring a horse of some of the peasants, which might carry me slowly to my own home, and would have pledged my honest countenance for the payment, trusting that the parson would indorse the note. The good man, however, shrugging his shoulders, assured me of his willingness to give me any assistance in his power, but said at the same time that horses were as scarce a commodity in his village as, according to Michaelis's account, they are in Palestine; since we are assured by that ingenious author, that amid all the vast property in cattle possessed by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, not a single horse was to be found.

I misunderstood the pastor here entirely. I thought that he only wished fairly to

get rid of the proposed pledge, and therefore made this trifling excuse. So, resolving to make him understand that I perceived his drift, I exclaimed, "Oh, Fisher! Fisher! thou worthy host of an hotel at Ostriz near Zittau, upon the frontiers of Bohemia, thou saidst rightly, that a head will fetch no more than the exact price set upon it!"

"Thou puttest a wrong interpretation upon my words," answered the pastor. "Believe me I did not seek a poultry subterfuge to avoid giving the desired pledge; you shall be convinced of the truth of my assertion. In the meantime tell me, do you know Solon Fisher, as he is called, the master of the hotel at Ostriz?"

"Do I know him?" I replied. "Yes indeed do I!—the worthy, the benevolent man!—I know him, and will ever embrace him with brotherly love."

"I am sorry," rejoined the pastor, "to see your good dispositions so ill bestowed."

"How so?" I exclaimed with perfect astonishment.

"He

“He is a man,” returned the pastor, “who would make no conscience of betraying his God, his prince, or his country, for thirty pieces of silver, like Judas Iscariot his master. In the time of war he carries on the despicable profession of a spy ; and during the late contest I heard a reward of a thousand dollars proclaimed in Leipstick for any one who would bring thither the body of John Fisher, dead or alive. He sometimes visits this part of the country as a dealer in cattle, since, as these are peaceable times, he has not now an opportunity of pursuing a more profitable employment ; by this means he is well known to me ?”

“Is it possible !” I cried with uplifted hands ; and so ended our conversation.

I now proceeded to consult with Philip upon the manner in which we should pursue our journey, when it was at last resolved that I should mount the spondee, and Philip proceed, as a travelling huntsman, on foot. From the slow asinine pace of my nag, and the length of my journey, which was still to occupy two or three days,

days, as well as from the new stock of physiognomical experience I had acquired, I expected that my reflections and meditations would have hung as thick upon the walls and spars of the apartment of my brain, as arsenic upon a copper pot. But I was mistaken. My head was as empty as my portmanteau, and my stomach would have been in the same condition, had not Philip, who has on all occasions much thought and foresight, managed his little stock of money so prudently, that he had still a few pence left in his pocket.

On the third morning, when my good huntsman began to breathe his native air, I could not restrain him from hastening forward to announce my arrival. Solitude once more revived my spirit of contemplation, and from the communing into which I now entered with myself, I was at first very near suing out a bill of divorcement, for ever, from my beloved physiognomy.

“ Among all the students of this science that exist under God’s heaven,” said I,
 “ whether

“ whether associated or unassociated, not one has gone so far to the left in the study of the knowledge of mankind as myself. I know not how this can have happened, since I carry my head directly between my shoulders, like the most acute of my fellow-creatures. How often have I been deceived, fooled, bantered?—How often been attracted with irresistible force by the countenance of a rogue, and repulsed by that of an honest man?—Is this my fault?—Am I the greatest blockhead in all Germany?—Yet the foundation line of my forehead bears a proper proportion to its perpendicular height, and neither are below their due standard.

“ But does not the fault lie in the science itself that has led me astray?—If this be the case, which appears very probable, then is it a proof that 'tis yet too much in its infancy, and in too undigested and imperfect a state to be taken as a guide; consequently I have been guilty of an egregiously piece of folly in suffering myself to be so led away by it. In truth, were any one now to give out, that
for

for the farther promotion of the plans of our great apostle, he had invented a system of physiognomy for the blind, I would subscribe to it, well assured that any system of the kind would be quite as useful for those that cannot, as for those that can see."

Yet, after I had argued this matter with myself for some time, and was on the point of resolving to prosecute to the last extremity my plan of divorcement, I found that I had in my heart no less attachment than ever to the study; in the same manner as Sempronius could not detach his affections wholly from a wife who had deceived him as often as my mistress has deceived me. Well then, I thought, I will not proceed to extremities; I will not become the sport and scorn of my neighbours, by first thrusting my beloved out of doors, and then recalling her, and showing that I cannot live without her. No, no, I will remain, to the last, faithful to my physiognomical calling, as the celebrated Master Duncam was resolved never to forego the business of

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of a taylor, though he was become the richest capitalist in Europe.

I, however, determined to carry on my physiognomical studies, in future, directly contrary to the rules prescribed by Lavater, and by which the wise Mahomet bound his disciples, "*to talk little, to observe much, and to argue nothing.*" I rather determined to follow the method of some of our most zealous church instructors, "*to make a great boasting of the trade, to examine every thing, to dispute every thing contumaciously, but to believe nothing.*"

Just as I had come to this resolution, I found myself unexpectedly entering my own court-yard, where all my brother academicians were assembled *in corpore* to receive me, with, to my utter astonishment, Mr. Rector Brunold, at their head, who welcomed me home in a very spirited and well-delivered oration. He was perfectly recovered. Dr. Baldrian had effectually exorcised the spirits that drummed within his body, by an ample purgative. And if by this miraculous cure, I have missed
of

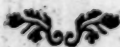
of a very instructive cranium for my collection of skulls, I console myself that the academy reckon in consequence one more scientific head among its members.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

- Page 30. line 19. for *cæochymical* read *cæo-*
chymical
35. — 2. after *respectable* add a comma
98. — 12. *dele the comma after valley*
and add one after *between*
101. — 6. for *Geotrade* read *Gertrade*
174. — 22. for *this* read *such*
176. — 5. after *beloved* add a comma
185. — 9. for *Rapheal* read *Raphael*
230. — 10. for *cups* read *cup*



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